THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIX | Friday, January 19, 1934 | Number 12

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index.*

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Publication office, 34 N. Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

BISHOP DUNN'S MEMORIAL

FROM January 15 to January 21, the Hotel Commodore in New York was the scene of an extraordinary manifestation of Catholic life. For one week the Bishop Dunn Memorial Mission Exposition brought to public attention in a graphic manner those attributes of the Church—her unity, holiness, Catholicity, and universality—which are the unique signs or notes of her divine mission on earth. The deep significance of this event is unmistakable. It was a great and richly deserved tribute to the late Bishop Dunn, in his capacity as the Archdiocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for thirty years. It also was a magnificent demonstration of the far-flung mission work of the Catholic Church. The exhibits illustrating native life came from thirty-two missionary communities in Africa, India, China, Japan, the Philippines, the South Sea Islands and other lands, and priests and nuns actually engaged in mission work were present to explain their work. And, in addition, the exposition testified to a fact of supreme significance in that it was a proof that the Catholic Church in the United States has come of age, and is taking upon itself the full responsibilities and duties of its adult and mature condition. Among such responsibilities and duties, that of bearing its full share of the universal evangelism of the Church is of primary importance.

As Bishop Mitty pointed out in his sermon at the funeral of Bishop Dunn, the participation of American Catholics in the work of the foreign missions is a comparatively recent thing, and there are many American Catholics who still are unawakened to its full meaning. For more than a century after the establishment of the Church under its first Bishop, Carroll of Baltimore, this country was itself a mission field. "Countless bishops, priests and religious had labored unceasingly, generation after generation, to build up the Kingdom of Christ in our land; a sacrificing laity, under the direction of hierarchy and clergy, had laid solid foundations for our dioceses and parishes, for our educational and charitable institutions; much remained and still remains to be done even in our populous Catholic centers; and we still have a mission problem at home in half the dioceses of the United States."

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Nevertheless, it became apparent to certain leaders of the Faith, as the first century of Catholicism in the United States took its place in history, that the time had come for the Church to do its share for the spread of the Faith in foreign lands. They believed that if vocations for the field afar could be inspired, the vocations for the work at home would not be lessened but on the contrary would increase, and be more fervent. Such leaders realized the truth of the solidarity of the Universal Church. One great section, like that in the United States, could not possibly flourish by becoming provincial and isolated, and by forgetting its own part in the world-wide duty of evangelism. Moreover, such a neglect of its whole Catholic duty would also be a sin of ingratitude. For more than a hundred years the Church here had largely depended upon Europe for its clergy. To a very great extent, over the same period of time, the Church in America had looked to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the necessary financial aid to build up its structure. Surely the time had come to repay, at least in some measure, the debt of gratitude.

Bishop Dunn was one of those leaders who have brought the Church in the United States so far along the road of self-realization of its place in the universal work of the Church. Appointed by Cardinal Farley as the diocesan director for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in 1903, he gave himself without stint to the task which he accepted not only as a duty, but as the fulfilment of the desire of his heart. And later on, when other grave responsibilities and difficult tasks were laid upon him, he never slackened in his zeal for the first charge given him, nor in his practical promotion of mission work. It would seem that his success in all other things came from his devotion to the fundamental labors of the apostle.

The exposition also emphasized in many ways the note struck by Monsignor William Quinn, the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the meeting of the clergy of the archdiocese preliminary to the opening of the exposition. He said:

"The most curious paradox of the World War tragedy is that waged to curb nationalism gone mad, it ended by spreading and accentuating the madness. In every age this has been the greatest evil the Church has had to combat, and surely nationalism found its full fruition during the war. I said during, but I should say during and after the war.

"Alarmed by the spread of this vicious spirit, Pope Benedict XV in 1919 warned the Catholic missionary world against it, knowing that in many mission accounts it was shown that the anxiety of the missionary was not so much to extend the Kingdom of God as it was to increase the power of his own country. The Catholic missionary does not act in this way, but is worthy of his name, bearing perpetually in mind that he is the ambassador, not of his own country, but of Christ.

"The present Holy Father and the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda in Rome have strongly combatted this spirit of nationalism, and for the past twelve years have sought not only to have all nationalities in the mission field but, in addition, to raise up as speedily as possible, an efficiently trained native clergy.

"A fund of three million dollars annually from the whole Catholic world is certainly not sufficient to carry on the vast missionary program of the Catholic Church, particularly when it is estimated that Protestant missionaries send approximately forty millions annually to their foreign missionaries. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, however, is not only an apostolate of alms but also an apostolate of prayer, and the entire Church joins in this to the end that the labors of its missionaries will be blessed with a great harvest of souls."

WEEK BY WEEK

The Nation Gets the Bill

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S budget message might well have raised on the traditional taxpayer's head such hair as has not already been pulled out. At the close of June, 1933, the government will owe $30,000,000,000, which means not only that an unprecedented debt has been accumulated but also that the rate of spending is now faster than it was even in war-time. The great bulk of the money has already been disbursed on paper, though of course it will take a considerable while to complete projects under way. If one asks how it is to be paid back, the answer is naturally that it will be met with bond issues which can be retired gradually as income and industry improve. The nation believes in the efficacy of government credit at a time when private initiative has dried up. This is normal procedure, the sole difference between what is done here and abroad being that the United States is spending a great deal of money in ways to which our social system is relatively unaccustomed. The notion that Mr. Roosevelt's administration was planning to engage in permanent collectivistic enterprise is pretty thoroughly refuted by the budget message, which states definitely that the budget will be balanced—i.e., that no further bonded indebtedness will be incurred—by 1936. Accordingly we are safe in assuming that if at all possible the fight against the depression will constitute, from the economic point of view, a parallel with the World War.

NOW then, of course, the question is whether private initiative will regain sufficient momentum to meet the situation that must exist as soon as the

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government withdraws from the exercise of abnormal functions. No answer is possible at the present time. But one can already foresee that just as much will depend on what the "people" demand as upon what private credit is willing and able to do. Should we find ourselves in a position where continued use of unearned government money can be exacted by political pressure, the chance to reduce indebtedness will be quite as bad as if relatively listless business were to render impossible a pick-up of employment and confidence. The nation would then drift inevitably to a condition of state Socialism by comparison with which the present experiment is the veriest *laissez-faire*. It is therefore apparent that during the years to come very much will depend upon the quality of political leadership. This the American people must seek out, respect and endorse if democratic institutions are to meet tests as severe as any ever imposed upon a form of government. Present willingness to do so is admirable, but the road from here to where we want to go is pretty long and steep.

Britain Scans the Horizon

THAT Britain must strain every nerve to uphold the League of Nations is the thesis of a remarkably outspoken and informative paper written for the current *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Arthur Henderson. He holds that "attempts to go back to pre-war methods and standards in international relations would, if successful, bring on the most appalling catastrophe." On the Continent it would lead to the quest for a new balance of power, the ultimate outcome of which in turn would be a revived armament race. From the British point of view the situation is equally serious, because the League "is an indispensable basis for reconciling the desire for independence with the need for a common policy within the British Commonwealth of Nations." Indeed, Mr. Henderson goes so far as to express the belief that if the League disappeared it would be very hard to find another cement to hold the dominions together in case of war. The most interesting part of the essay deals, however, with the League as an outgrowth of developments "that began far back in the last century," and with the covenant as "almost entirely an Anglo-American production." It resulted from thinking about European nations which, having no obligation to confer before rushing to arms, sought to maintain peace by strengthening their armies and navies. The existing plan as such was the product of Anglo-American ideas as to how Europe might best be made to arbitrate its disputes.

NOW it is very interesting to observe that while the Hitler government is voluble in expressing its desire for peace, it is thumbs down on the League. This would therefore seem to indicate that Berlin is anxious to revert to those pre-war methods and standards which according to Mr. Henderson would bring about "appalling catastrophe." To be sure, it is still possible that the Germans left Geneva in a sudden huff staged more or less for domestic consumption; but on the whole it is safer to believe that the step taken was the product of careful deliberations. They viewed the League as being in itself a permanent balance of power, and when they found the British averse to altering that balance they may have decided to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The effort to deal separately with France seems, as a matter of fact, to have been based on the idea that England could in this manner be forced into a quandary. Since Sir John Simon could hardly assent to the abandonment of the League, he might be driven to try revamping it into something more attractive to Germany. There the problem seems to rest for the moment. The situation does not present merely the alternative of League or no League. It also admits of different kinds of Leagues. And it may well be that if France clings to the resolution not to seek a regulation of armament through separate diplomatic agreements, the nations will eventually find themselves back at Geneva with somewhat altered cards in their possession. Other possibilities there are, of course, and none of them is reassuring.

Science and Crime

CRIME today is certainly research-conscious. It has levied largely on both the mechanical and the scientific fields. And without accepting the English complaint that their home-grown felons, hitherto relatively tractable and easy to catch up with, have been corrupted and "motorized" by the example of our more enterprising bad men, we acknowledge that our bad men are especially enterprising. The swiftest and smoothest boats were in possession of the rum-runners. The most powerful cars, equipped with the most miraculously cooled engines, the most completely bullet-proof chassis, the most unshatterable glass windows, have been the rule for those who followed with profit the recently fashionable profession of racketeering. The lightest of disposable machine guns are employed in their official killings, the best silencers adorn their private firearms. Their minions make familiar play with the omnipotent "soup" and the chilled-steel jimmy. And now it is seen that criminals have further widened their contact with research, by invoking surgical science to annul what has been considered the final, inescapable proof of identification—the finger-print. As long as a felon's prints were on file at any police headquarters in the world, he was by that fact already half in the clutches of the law. If for any reason at all he was brought in, nothing could save him from the penalty of

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his former crimes. But two gangsters killed recently in Chicago had undergone delicate and skilful operations whereby the telltale whorls across their finger-tips had been altered in direction so that they left what were in effect a new set of prints. This is a serious setback in the progress of crime detection. Legislation is to be introduced very properly, decreeing stiff penalties for surgeons convicted of performing the operation.

The Catholic Novel

UNDER the title, "Can a Catholic Write a Novel?", a Catholic ecclesiastic at whose identity one can guess, canvasses in the *American Mercury* a question which is often, if quietly, mooted. The reason for the writer's anonymity does not appear, since none of his statements would seem likely to sound offensive or temerarious to his coreligionists. He treats his subject with a frankness and ingenuousness which may seem daring to some of the mixed audience who will read what he has to say, but which are the commonplace of intelligent Catholic conversation. He enumerates, very usefully and well, what may be called the triumphs of the modern Catholic invasion—the irresistible growth of interest in matters pertaining to the Faith, whether signalized by the beautiful understanding of Miss Cather or by the inability of certain other important writers to keep their hands off Catholic characters, even though they do not understand them. His defense, from history, of the status of modern Catholic culture, especially in America (it turns out that he means, in the main, "Can an American Catholic Write a Novel?") is informed and convincing. He cites the material and social reasons why post-Reformation Catholics have not been able as yet to produce throughout their entire body that intensive culture which would result in the mastery of the characteristic post-Reformation literary form. To these he adds another possible reason, rooted in Catholic psychology as such, why it might be alleged that no Catholic born and bred in the mind of the Church (he excepts converts) can write a first-rate novel. He himself rejects this allegation, but his discussion of it lends his paper its peculiar interest.

CATHOLICISM, he says, is a religion of certainties. It induces in those whom it nurtures, and aims to increase in them with their growth, the theological mood, the mood of dogmatic conviction and intense moral seriousness. The novel is "essentially a book of sin"; and it is urged by many that no believing Catholic can write of sin and not fall into "the manner of a tract or an epistle to his brethren." The writer's rejection of this is largely based, one gathers, on the extraordinary dramatic power and penetration of M. Mauriac in "Vipers' Tangle"—and to that one must say, so far, excellent. But there are so many other answers, from history and mere intuitive common sense, that there is not room even to indicate them here. As to any supposed clash between religious and moral conviction and dramatic strength, there were powerful realism and dramatic courage in the secular play literature that had just begun to take shape at the time of the Reformation; Chaucer wrote as subtle a novel in rhyme as the world has ever seen; Shakespeare believed profoundly in the malice of sin—or what are we to make of "Macbeth"? Even since the birth of the formal novel, though names are scarce, there still are names: Prévost, Manzoni, Reymont, Sienkiewicz, Handel-Mazzetti, Le Fort. Catholicism has no one mood; it is theological, poetic, ironic, fantastic; tender and stern; so much at home in the kitchens of heaven that many outsiders think it blasphemous, and so filled with fear of the Lord that many other outsiders consider it an incarnate melancholia. The cause of our lack of novelists is not theology, but something else. Aside from the inevitable lack, already mentioned, among the mass of modern Catholics of that rich awareness of the possibilities of earthly life which comes from a balanced and leisurely culture, there are two other things. There is the mystery of genius itself; its erratic occurrence; its unpredictability. We have not a supreme genius of the novel among hereditary Catholics probably because one has not been born yet. And finally, there is the slowness of the *normal* Catholic social growth that necessarily conditioned the impulse of the Catholic artist—a slowness which comes from the incredible variousness of the problems with which the Church charges herself, and the tremendous front on which she moves. All of Western history stands as proof of this: and as proof, also, of the fact that, when an appointed cycle of development finally is reached, she produces in that cycle, from the riches of her slow, complete assimilation, its archtypes and masterpieces.

New Machines

THE AUTOMOBILE show this year, like the new deal, marks a change in many things. Last year, there was little new to see at this annual unveiling of Americans' great mechanical multiplier of the ability to go places. There were a few extraneous gadgets to carry about with one in one's going; the shape of the mud-guards which had become familiar through some decades of not changing, had had a few not very important lines added to it; there was an improvement in ventilation, and the backs of some of the cars, instead of rounding under, splayed outward. Most of these changes were baroque, rather than functional. But this year! The automobile is no longer its old self. It has become a

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monster on wheels, resembling some of the prehistoric monsters of the reptilian tribe. It is asserted to be a thing in itself, now, and no longer a horseless carriage. As its function is to move swiftly, it has been streamlined to present in cross-section a blunt front that tapers smoothly toward the rear. At the show, interesting demonstrations are given in wind-tunnels to prove the effectiveness of the new outline. In addition the cars are mounted so low that there is little practical need for the running board, and the interior of the new type car has been widened, approximately the width of half of the old style running-board; three persons can sit in comfort on the front seat. Next in importance to this structural change, is the elimination of axles and the independent mounting of the wheels which, it is claimed, give a smoother ride. Not all of the cars have followed the extreme changes from the old style, but all tend toward the new. No doubt we shall need departures almost as radical in roadways to permit these new vehicles with reasonable safety to achieve their function of sustained, swift, smooth motion.

Americana

SELDOM if ever have so many temptations been dangled before the eyes of those interested in Americana as were offered at the American Art Association sale (January 17 and 18) of a collection based in the main on the libraries of Edmund A. Funke and William Sturgis Thomas. Since the opportunity to succumb is now removed, there can be no harm in offering a few glimpses of the pageant here—a display, be it said in passing, which recalled ever so much forgotten lore and resurrected the feeling that every American has shared, if only by inheritance, in a genuinely magnificent national adventure. There was a set of the "Annales" of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 1827-1867—forty rare volumes in which the epic narrative of missionary enterprise in the Americas is unfolded with a sincerity, directness and lack of ostentation almost unequalled. There was a letter written by Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, an indignant note by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and a copy of the first edition of Payne's "Home Sweet Home." Veritable heaps of broadsides, some of them unique, revived memories of John Paul Jones's victories, the voyages of Mormon leaders, early Congresses and industrial events. There were things printed by Benjamin Franklin as a boy, and souvenirs which once belonged to General Grant. But why go on? The treasures auctioned off to the public at this sale would have sufficed to prove, even were there elsewhere no things equally valuable, that we have been given the custodianship of a great tradition and the "example of a valor truly noble."

CATHOLIC SOCIAL METHOD

LAST week we tried to see what knowledge and charity are in the Kingdom of Christ; and we reached the conclusion that both are inseparable and sacred, though neither automatically assures control of the natural order. The Saviour did not promise His followers a state of perfect harmony between the world and "laws" of nature and the desires of man. He merely assured them that God would provide what they needed for their sustenance and salvation. And He told them again and again that indifference or brutality to others was equivalent to denial, and therewith not-knowledge, of Himself. Since the Church is the continuing ministry of Christ on earth, this is also its program and its source of confidence through the changes of historic time.

But the duty of love is one which demands method. It is immediately obvious that neither spiritual nor material help can be given by simply presenting "something" out of the goodness of one's heart. If a strange man is faint for lack of food, he cannot be aided by just a dinner of roast beef and fried potatoes. This as a diet for a starving person might cause death. Should another be troubled in spirit, mere good advice of one form or another may injure rather than improve. We must always find out what the trouble really is and find a remedy for it. A very good example of these problems is afforded by the treatment of the criminal. Should he be punished for what he has done? Or suffered to go unpunished, since that would seem to be more charitable? Or viewed as a "psychiatric" case and treated accordingly? Those are difficult questions. But they cannot be answered in a Christian sense unless what can be done for the guilty person—and not the method as such—is put in the foreground.

Similarly, certain fundamental collective needs are not to be cared for by individual action alone. There is, for example, the great problem of work under industrial conditions. We say that a given person has a "right" to labor. But whose business is it to extend or enforce that right? Obviously an unemployed carpenter cannot go to his neighbor the baker and say: "I have a right to work, and therefore you must allow me to add one more story to your house." It is society as a whole which must heed his plea. Another good example is the defense of national property through recourse to war. At first sight it would seem as if the brutality involved were irreconcilable with Christian conduct. Yet we have only to weigh the comparable brutality of international robbery, as it was carried on throughout the centuries against peoples too weak for self-defense, to realize that under certain conditions the use of armed force is justifiable, not as being in any sense Christian, but as being inevitable in the natural order.

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We may therefore conclude by saying that the discovery of right method is an integral part of the use of charity. It must simply be remembered that between the charity and the method there is a wide gulf. The first is absolute, organic, unchanging, vital. The second is arbitrary, constructed, relative, thought-out. No one can claim dogmatic validity for any method. That seems to us a cardinal principle of the Christian life—a fundamental premise from which alone objectives are attainable. For example: we are most certainly required to say that upon society there rests an obligation to provide food, shelter and work for those of its members who are without these things; but we can by no manner of means be required to hold that Mr. Roosevelt's new deal is positively the best and only way in which that obligation can be met. Every Christian is inalienably free to think that the new deal is all wrong. He may be a fool for holding that opinion, but there is—thank God! —evidence enough to show that fools are not barred from the kingdom of heaven.

It is with this understanding that the Church accepted as more or less its own the ethical code established by the best antique thinkers. The knowledge stored up in the books of Plato and Aristotle was *not* placed on the same level as the knowledge conferred by Christ but was simply taken as an auxiliary source of information, though sanctified in a measure by the fact that the Logos was anticipated by the great heathens. Essentially what the Greeks had to offer was the best dependable method for solving many of the minor problems raised by life. Not to have recognized this would have been a grave blunder; to have deduced from it the assumption that "Christ and Aristotle go hand in hand" would have been a far more dangerous error. Indeed, one of the most subtle threats to the healthy life of the Church has always been the equalization of reason and faith. There is no miracle in history greater than that through which the Vatican Council saved modern Christianity from this temptation.

Now to be sure the Church keeps its eye on the methodology proposed in any given time, and strives to prevent the use of anything adjudged likely to cause injury either to the individual or to society. It has warned against giving credence to certain philosophies, social practices and individual usages. Birth control and sterilization are two convenient modern instances. We shall leave it to theologians to decide whether in all these cases the decision of the Church is to be regarded as guided by inspiration. Here as always Catholic tradition maintains the fundamental distinction between faith and natural reason. For us as individuals, however, this discussion is of purely academic interest. The love which binds us to the Church makes the discipline of obedience a joyful sacrifice.

Yet not even the Church can universalize methods bound to succeed in every time and place. There is no such thing as a "Catholic philosophy" or a "Catholic point of view" the application of which would make roses bloom in the Sahara desert and pay-envelopes grow in Pittsburgh. Experienced churchmen know how difficult it is to hit upon even a first-rate religious methodology. Nearly every great saint came forward with a recipe, often a quite novel recipe, for the conduct and propagation of the spiritual life. In many cases, however, the value of the method hardly outlived its discoverer; and in other instances so many modifications have been introduced that the original structure is hardly discernible. Similarly the long political history of Catholic ecclesiasticism shows that, despite excellent intentions and all possible care, successes and failures are nearly equal. How, then, can we suppose that the Church can conjure out of some magic hat formulae guaranteed to get us out of the assorted messes in which we find ourselves?

The best the Church can do is to try to help, with all the honesty, the love of humankind and the sympathy with suffering which characterize men who humbly strive to imitate the Great Example. But it tries—as every individual Christian tries—not because it is "very clever" or "has saved civilization," but because it possesses the holy flame of a love without which all else is vain. We shall not say that human existence would be easier if all men were united in the presence of that flame. But we do know that if even those who have been given "knowledge" were to see just a little of the true significance of what they have been elected to be and to accomplish, the mystery of the Church would be made clear to millions who now do not even realize that it exists.

Collectively we must be willing to risk any method which has an honest chance to help bring about ends that are desirable. On the other hand, we must hold ourselves free to escape from the tyranny of every method. The history of past generations is a narrative of creaking, rather antiquated machinery which was relied upon with blind faith in its "efficiency" long after it was really as outmoded as the one horse shay. The vital impulse for the sake of which the machinery was constructed in the first place has often gone sound to sleep. Christianity is dedicated to keeping awake—to keeping the world awake. On the other hand, scepticism with reference to the normal human intelligence does not imply getting drunk on irrationality. Though, as has been said, fools may enter the kingdom of heaven, there is no evidence to show that they are especially desired. Realizing the end of charity is hard work, and work is not done by flinging caution to the winds. We must seek to be hard-headed people, with love in our hearts.

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THE BUDGET AND THE SALES TAX

By ARNOLD S. POTTER

The President's budget message courageously told the nation where it was financially and what its hopes for the future might be. It is now evident that the structure of the tax burden will have a fiscal and psychological importance which cannot be overemphasized. We hope to be able to present various views as to how that burden can be met and carried, in the spirit of promoting discussion rather than of advocating some "one and only" method. Mr. Potter outlines a view which has a good deal of support.—The Editors.

"AT LAST Mr. Micawber's difficulties came to a crisis," we read in "David Copperfield," "and he was arrested early one morning, and carried over to the King's Bench Prison, in the Borough. He told me, as he went out of the house, that the God of day had now gone down upon him. . . . He solemnly conjured me, I remember, to take warning by his fate, and to observe that if a man had £20 a year for his income, and spent £19, 19s., 6d., he would be happy, but that if he spent £20, 1s. he would be miserable." . . .

The budget of the United States is not balanced. President Roosevelt has said that we must face facts, and it is a fact that governmental expenditures have exceeded receipts annually since 1931. As a result of borrowings to cover these deficits, the government debt is steadily mounting.[1] From approximately $16,000,000,000 in 1929, the debt has already risen to $22,500,000,000, and we now look forward to spending $2,000,000,000 for the R. F. C., $3,300,000,000 for public works, $2,000,000,000 for farm credits, $1,000,000,000 for depositors in closed banks, and $500,000,000 for relief, a total of almost $9,000,000,000. Some of this will be covered by income; the remainder, unless other income is found, will raise the government debt to $28,000,000,000 or $30,000,000,000. Meantime, the banks are helping to finance the deficit in that they are holding an increasing amount of government bonds. Fear of inflation does not induce an individual to buy bonds of any sort.

Unbalanced budgets, with nations as well as with individuals, are important. Make no mistake about that. In this article I shall consider two things in regard to the budget: (1) What happens when a national budget remains unbalanced? (2) Is there any available means of balancing our budget?

There is no lack of historical evidence as to what happens when national budgets are unbalanced. Germany, after the war, did not balance her budget, and her credit became impaired to the point that she was unable to borrow. Her only recourse for money with which to pay her bills was the printing press—a desperate and hopeless procedure, it is true, but no more so than the proverbial drowning man's clutching at a straw. The experiment of currency inflation uncontrolled because of an unbalanced budget, was disastrous. German currency collapsed, savings were wiped out, the cost of living rose faster than the purchasing power of the worker, food riots became common, and the German people, after living through a period of fear and misery, established a new money system and began again to build up from the bottom. It would be difficult to find any class of the population which benefited from the ordeal. A social chaos emerged which time does not seem to have yet ended, if we judge by the news of today.

France, after the war, likewise suffered from an unbalanced budget, and seemed headed in the same direction as Germany. Under the sagacious leadership of Poincaré, however, and with the help of the constantly growing revenue from the turnover

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[1] RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURES, SURPLUS OR DEFICIT AND PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

	YEARS ENDED JUNE 30			AT JUNE 30
	Receipts	Expenditures	Surplus	Total Gross Public Debt
1919	$5,152,257,136	$18,522,894,705	$13,370,637,569 Def.	$25,482,034,000
1920	6,694,565,389	6,482,090,191	212,475,198	24,297,918,000
1921	5,624,932,961	5,538,209,189	86,723,772	23,976,251,000
1922	4,109,104,151	3,795,302,500	313,801,651	22,964,079,000
1923	4,007,135,480	3,697,478,020	309,657,460	22,349,688,000
1924	4,012,044,701	3,506,677,715	505,366,986	21,251,120,000
1925	3,780,148,684	3,529,643,446	250,505,238	20,516,272,000
1926	3,962,755,690	3,584,987,873	377,767,817	19,643,183,000
1927	4,129,394,441	3,493,584,519	635,809,922	18,510,174,000
1928	4,042,348,156	3,643,519,875	398,828,281	17,604,291,000
1929	4,033,250,225	3,848,463,190	184,787,035	16,931,198,000
1930	4,177,941,702	3,994,152,487	183,789,215	16,185,308,000
1931	3,317,233,494	4,219,950,339	902,716,845 Def.	16,801,485,000
1932	2,121,000,000	5,006,000,000	2,885,000,000 Def.	19,487,000,000
1933	2,238,356,181	*4,029,584,887	1,791,228,706 Def.	22,538,672,560

*There were in addition special expenditures for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation amounting to $1,277,000,000.

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tax (sales tax), the 1926 budget was balanced for the first time since the war, and the "franc was saved." The franc then was devalued only 80 percent (instead of practically 100 percent as in the case of the German mark) and a usable currency was restored, with an 80 percent capital loss in the savings of the thrifty. The fact that France eventually balanced her budget, even though not before some damage had been done, brought her through the crisis in better condition than would otherwise have been the case. It is important to note here that Germany's taxes were direct and too inflexible to meet changing conditions. France's taxes, on the other hand, which included revenues based on turnover and not profits, were flexible enough to permit the balancing of her budget.

In Australia and England we have had recent instances of the healing effects of a balanced budget. Australia did the job a year or two ago, and has experienced a betterment of business conditions. England performed a heroic feat of strength on her budget, and reliable reports are that conditions there have improved since that operation.

The United States has not yet balanced the extraordinary expenditures of this period with income. Income tax receipts, which amounted to over $2,000,000,000 in 1929, have fallen to one-third of that sum, or less. A higher income tax rate, with no income, has proved an unproductive source of revenue.

Now what of the sales tax? It is estimated that a tax of approximately 2 percent on sales would produce, even at the present low rate of business turnover, $1,000,000,000 per year. This sum in itself would not cover the deficit, but with the liquor taxes soon to be collected, and with the larger sales tax receipts which the government could anticipate with any increase in business activity, it would furnish a basis for confidence that we were proceeding in the right direction, and perhaps more than any other single remedy that we could apply, would encourage faith in our gradual recovery from the depression. Balanced budgets breathe encouragement. With increased faith would come increased effort, and we could even look forward to that happy day when incomes would be restored which would produce again a sizable revenue from the income tax. If the two taxes produced eventually a large surplus, we could then apply it against the increases in the government debt which have arisen since 1931.

There have been two objections, among others, to the sales tax, which have received some attention. The first was that it taxed the necessaries of life. Yet we have placed a processing tax on food and clothing, the proceeds to go to the farmer and not the government, and we have raised the cost of living through depreciation of the currency and the NRA without increasing the income of the government. We all know that the percentage of appreciation in the retail price of flour, cotton shirts and all similar necessities has been large. Prices of few articles have risen as little as 2 percent. A 2 percent tax on consumption of goods would be felt less than these other agencies, would be paid by the spender, and would be paid to the government. It hardly seems that this first objection should nullify the obvious advantages of the sales tax. As to the second objection, that the sales tax is too easy to collect and therefore encourages lavish government spending, the people of the United States who have lived through four years of depression can hardly be expected to countenance the wastage of any such hard-won budget-balancing income. There can be little doubt that it would be used to advantage for necessary expenditures, and later on, when we are again prosperous, for welcome reductions in the government debt.

It is highly interesting that the sales tax has been successful not only in France but in some of our own states which have not waited for the imposition of a general sales tax by the federal government. One conspicuous example is Mississippi, which had been incurring budget deficits for several years, as follows:

1928	$2,284,784
1929	2,082,431
1930	2,428,838
1931	3,332,368

The credit of the state was impaired. After serious consideration of possible measures, the Legislature passed an emergency sales tax law. During the first seven months of its operation receipts which had been estimated at $1,137,000, actually amounted to $1,487,000. The tax has continued to exceed estimates as a revenue producer, has been economically administered, and locally has been considered a success.

There are other considerations and other necessary measures, of course, involved in the effort toward business recovery. A condition of prosperity is based on business activity, and prices tend to take care of themselves in such a period. We have had good times in the past with commodity prices not at the high levels which the wars of history have always brought. We have emerged from depressions on sound money principles and on a gold basis. Increased gold production has been of assistance in the past. As to 1933, there is evidence that some recovery has set in not only in this country but in other important countries of the world. On good authority we have it that credit and currency are available to support a business structure of greater proportions than that of 1929. We now have questions of war debts and tariffs requiring some attention. The profit motive, without which the risks of business are never undertaken, must be restored and encouraged as

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an incentive to activity. It must be made possible, through necessary revisions of the Securities Act, for new business and large productive capital investments to be adequately financed. We must now build a recovery based on confidence and not on fear.

We have an administration in Washington which well realizes that particularly applicable to the present period are Thoreau's words in "Walden": "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation." The administration is committed to the proposition that such a condition must be remedied by one means or another. It has instituted many sound measures. It has produced a greater number of experimental ones.

But these efforts are not in themselves sufficient, in that they have not gone far enough in remedying our financial situation and establishing an impregnable credit position. It is fundamental that the budget must be balanced, perhaps gradually, but with a promise of certainty. On that base, confidence can thrive. Germany failed to achieve that end after the war, with a resultant collapse of practically 100 percent in her monetary system. France first balanced her budget in 1926, and escaped with an 80 percent loss. With the precedents of history before us, we should be both intelligent and strong-minded enough to balance our budget now, before proceeding further on the road to unavoidable difficulties. The sales tax, to a degree probably not wholly realized, satisfies the critical minds of many astute observers and large masses of our population who are earnestly seeking a way out of this depression. With the budget on the way to balance by means of a sales tax, a solid base of confidence would be provided which would be receptive to the imponderable and unfortunately too little understood forces of recovery for which we are all looking.

HONEST ROGER WILLIAMS

By STUART D. GOULDING

AMONG the signatories to the Declaration of Independence is to be found the name of Rhode Island; this self-reliant and tiniest of states, two months previously to the day, also having severed all relations with England in advance of the other colonies. For the name of Rhode Island ratifying the Constitution of the United States prior to the passage of the first ten amendments one looks in vain. The answer is to be discovered in the refusal of its delegates to affix their names to a document lacking those guarantees of civil and religious liberty for which it had then struggled more than one hundred and fifty years. Once the amendments were passed and particularly that first which begins, "Congress shall make no laws respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," Rhode Island signed. For its stubbornness in this one matter it was subjected to the severest criticism on the part of fellow states and at one time was threatened with exclusion from the proposed union. Nevertheless it stuck to its premise and won.

For the Catholic Church coming, as it did, among peoples inimical to it, no guarantee in the Constitution meant as much as this one which permitted her establishment and physical growth and spread without interference of civil authority. Without it the beginnings must have been more difficult, if not, for fifty years at least, impossible.

At the present time the Church is rejoicing because the President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, has insisted on the extension of this guarantee to Americans in Russia, where for sixteen years atheism has run rampant and unchecked. His courageous stand, moreover, has been hailed as the reentering wedge for Christianity in a land once almost entirely Christian.

Beginning this year the Church regards with benevolent interest the celebration of the founding of the Commonwealth of Maryland where religious liberty for Catholics in the English colonies first made its appearance. In its rejoicing at President Roosevelt's action and its celebration of Maryland's experiment the astonishing feat of that "prodigious minter of exorbitant novelties," Roger Williams, who first planted religious tolerance and civil freedom for all religious sects in a state should not be overlooked and forgotten. For his contribution to history was not that this particular sect nor that one should have freedom of conscience but that all men should have it, and to his doctrine is directly traceable that first amendment.

A truly extraordinary man, gifted beyond his generation and those that quickly followed, Williams most nearly resembled that little group of the Apostles who discovered that the benefits of Christ's teachings were not meant for the Jews alone but for the Gentiles, the heathens and the outcast. He saw about him nations in which one religion supported by the state excluded and persecuted all others, and his reason rebelled. Born into the established Church of England, by free will at eleven a Puritan, in early manhood a seeker apart from any church, Williams was an individ-

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ualist of an extreme type, unable to agree with others in belief, unwilling to concede authority to any church, religious, intolerant of intolerance, troublesome. With his rejection of authority as regards the Holy See we cannot agree, but we must concede that it gave him perspective from which to view the nations and opportunity to work out his peculiar methods which led at last to such desirable ends.

The history of Williams's period in England is, of course, well known; his own is less familiar. Identified with the Puritan faction at the time of his call to Boston in 1631, Williams was in the way of holding high position in England. No persecution for belief such as drove the Plymouth and Bay people to America forced him to quit England. A Separatist in that he believed in separation of Church and State, he went to New England under impression that the Bay had formed the nucleus of an idealistic colony. Soon disillusioned, he turned to Salem where his teachings brought him into difficulties with the hierarchy of the church-state which had looked to his brilliance for support of its own none too firmly established dominance. Exasperated beyond endurance at his repeated attacks at its system, the Bay finally arranged for his deportation, when a friendly warning from Winthrop caused him to flee into the wilderness to the shelter of Massasoit's cold lodge at Sowaans, outside the Puritan domain. There he remained a winter, finding in that sage chieftain the first tolerance he had met. Whether his plan reached its maturity during his enforced hibernation is unknown, but in 1636, having been driven from the west beach of the Seekonk to the peninsula opposite, he founded his experimental town of Providence, a gift from the Narragansett, Canonicus, whom he had befriended.

Here he was joined by exiles and dissenters from the other colonies and here he established as his first premise the proposition that all should enjoy full soul liberty and that no man should be subject to civil law for religious belief or the lack of it. And here lies the distinction between Williams's colony and Lord Baltimore's. Whereas in Maryland tolerance was offered all who believed in the Trinity, in Williams's colony no man was barred. The difference is all-important; there still remained religious qualification in Maryland, in Rhode Island there never was any. This insistence on absolute freedom of conscience prevented any sect from dictating to another; its influence is a matter of historical record; Williams stands as its first practical exponent despite what individuals or groups such as the Levellers and the Brownists may have preached.

From the first, the persecuted of every section came to Rhode Island. The eccentric Mrs. Hutchinson, the Anabaptists, Baptists, Quakers, men of all creeds and of none came in large numbers. Most of them were quarrelsome and some would have persecuted others. But Williams's influence remaining dominant, he insisted on their mutual tolerance. In this he often found himself at odds with his own inclinations. A Seeker, his congregation comprising only his wife, he held himself aloof from his nearest kin, the Baptists, and fought long and bitterly with what he deemed the errors of the Quakers. But the sole weapon he permitted himself was debate; recourse in law he would not accept, having decreed there should be no law against belief.

Against Williams and his colony the rest of New England combined as one man, seeking to restrict and even take away his territory, attacking him with every argument at command both at home and in England, fighting him in the courts and in the throne room in London. In defense of his experiment he made two trips to the mother country, one in 1644 and another in 1663. Both times he engaged in the bitter religious controversies in England, and both times he returned with guarantees for the perpetuation of Rhode Island. The second time he brought with him that magnificent charter from Charles II which included that famous phrase:

> . . . to hold forthe a livelie experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, and that among our English subjects, with a full liberty in Religious Concernments.

Against the document the other colonies pounded their heads in vain. Against it in 1719 misguided Rhode Islanders passed unconstitutional law "excepting Roman Catholics" from the rights of freemen (i.e., citizens). Against it the Know-nothings and Ku Klux Klan shattered futile lances. The doctrine stands.

Alongside this teaching Williams ranged another, complete divorce of Church and State. In popular concept this doctrine has been credited to the Puritans, and, indeed, in a limited way it was one of the foundations for the Plymouth and the Bay colonies. But in Williams's time separation in the Bay had reached a stalemate. John Cotton was its principal exponent and his ideas had nearly crystallized. Cotton held that while Church and State possessed separate functions, they were interdependent and rose and fell together. But Williams said, "We shall find lawful civil states both before and since Christ, in which we find not any tidings of the true God in Christ," and he further stated that the Christian state often learned from the non-Christian.

Cotton held that in each state there must of necessity be one church which automatically excluded all others. And he preached:

> Our tolerating many religions in a state of several churches, besides provoking the wrath of God, may in

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> time not only corrupt, leaven, divide and so destroy the peace of the churches, but also dissolve the continuity of the state, especially ours whose walls are made of the stones of the state.

This Williams could not, would not, believe. The Puritans had come to the Bay to escape the High Church in England which, at the time of their exodus, held the same views. In the Bay they had excluded all others, not only hanging Quakers and Jesuits for entrance among them but even weeding out dissenters against their own rigid doctrines. Williams said:

> It hath fallen out sometimes that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship, upon which supposal I affirm that all Liberty of Conscience I ever have pleaded for turns upon these hinges; that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews or Turks be forced to come to ship's prayers, or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practise any.

On the other hand, he held that if a storm arose and the captain for the safety of all demanded that all work the ship, they were obliged to do so, as necessary for the preservation of the ship and those in it. In this he meant that all, without regard to religious belief, must subject themselves to civil authority and that this civil authority should be the judge of what was right and just for the maintenance and preservation of the civil state, just as the individual was the judge of what was right for his own salvation.

Carrying this idea further he fought against Cotton and all who opposed him, distinguishing between what he deemed persecution and prosecution. The civil state, he held, might prosecute for offenses against the civil state, to prosecute against the individual or any church for its beliefs was persecution. In this he opposed almost every nation in Europe as well as the home government in England and the governments in New England. This, also, was his chief complaint against the Papacy, Williams believing that the Church upheld monarchs in Catholic countries who maintained such institutions as the Inquisition.

"It becomes not the spirit of the Gospel to convert aliens to the faith . . . with fire and brimstone," he said. The rack, the gibbet, the wheel and the black cap as instruments of religious persuasion were equally abhorrent to him.

In this connection he took up the defense of Catholics in the Bay, contending against Cotton saying how unjust he was "to chain up all the Papists in an impossibility of yielding civil obedience," in a church-state.

Again, while in England in 1644, he took issue with Parliament in his "Bloudy Tenant" addressed to them as well as to John Cotton, in which he fought against the exclusion of Catholics in government, saying that he saw no reason "why even Papists themselves may not be allowed," to hold office. And he cited the obedience shown by Catholics in civil matters in countries where Protestantism had become dominant. No lover of the Papacy, nor the Catholic Church, Williams on several occasions gave evidence of his toleration toward them. His doctrine of soul liberty, as has been shown, not only included them in its benefits but paved the way for the glorious growth of their church in America.

During his lifetime, while he welcomed many to Providence with whose religious views he utterly disagreed, no Catholics are known to have come to Rhode Island. What his attitude toward them must have been practically can only be judged by his attitude toward the Quakers. Debating against them at all times, he refused to allow personal prejudice to react against them civilly and, while he opposed them as they grew in power, he fought them with the civil ballot in civil elections and when they became the dominant force in 1654 worked with them and for them for the colony. With little question his attitude toward Catholics would have been the same.

In the light of Williams's precious gift to America, it is a happy thought that when Catholics did first appear within the confines of the colony he founded, it was as deliverers and saviours under French arms, and in the form of the French navy under the Catholic Count de Grasse, and the French army of 6,000 under the Catholic Count de Rochambeau, perpetuating in this tiniest segment of the new nation, those principles of civil and religious freedom guaranteed in the Constitution, and which our latest President has now passed on to the Soviets.

Les Savants Ne Sont Pas Curieux

Doctors must die too, all their knowledge of
Digitalis, adrenalin, henbane,
Matters little if death raps again—
Once he may be forestalled but their great love
Or little love of life is merely human;
Doctors must die as other men and women.

Yes, they know the coronary well,
The lenticulo-striate, as a quick bell
In the village church, and when those strike
their knell
What may have been well is no longer well.

Knowledge of nature gives exemption to
No one, his father, and to no one's son;
No one is probably the only one
Who lives any longer than most mortals do.

MERRILL MOORE.

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IN A CITY OF JUDA

By MICHAEL EARLS

WALKING backward may frequently be more salutary for us than flying forward; calculations about prospects should be guided by voices from retrospects; and the world's whirlwinds for progress during the recent decades should have taken counsel from the more assured progress in an older world—for instance, in the abiding things of true culture. For, with the poet, we look before and after, and pine for what is not. We speeded up the outputs of machines; and in the passing show of the mechanical achievements, the man of the street (or rather the child of the radio) was inclined to believe that the wonders of the world are now seven times seven. But amidst our triumphs, we are forced to eliminate the shouts of victory and substitute instead our humble threnody over the material loss and lack—alas and alack!

Yet when times are out of joint, the things that are not of time obtain a favorable hearing; the lasting soul reasserts itself in the wasting body; and culture that is based upon the Will of God and the welfare of the neighbor gives a real meaning to the gestures of etiquette and to all social conventions. The penny catechism, with its permanent authority, supplants the loose-leaf encyclopedias of ephemeral opinions.

But passing from these general observations, which are at present acknowledged on all sides, by Jew and gentile, Greek and barbarian, Gael and sassenach, let us pause to consider one of the perplexities of our modern strain-and-stress; and by looking backward, let us glance at a scene in the blessed light of other days. Ave, Maria!

Among the topics today, quite largely bruited in the chatter-box departments of the press, is the question of the high cost of maternity. Of other considerations about childbirth, especially the hysterical rigmaroles about birth control and the discussions thereon *ad nauseam,* it is hardly decent or respectable in the society of Catholic culture even to allude to this phase of the subject; and having alluded to it, we leave the nasty propaganda to old pagans and neo-pagans, and even to those few Catholics who have their eye on this world rather than on the next. For at the outset of human history, or rather at the very beginning of human conditions after man's first disobedience and the Fall, it was stated for the record until the end of time that man would earn his bread in the sweat of the brow and woman would bring forth her offspring in travail and pain. That was the predicted cost of maternity; but as it was God's prediction, it had God's blessings through the pain and travail; and our mothers and grandmothers were witnesses of those faithful blessings.

Ah, but those were blessed days, brave and blessed, carrying on in the tradition of Catholic culture: days and nights, when families were surrounded not only by the spiritual works of mercy but by the corporal works of mercy as well. The penny catechism clearly stated, even to little children of the household of the Faith, the simple lists of these mercies, and the solemn words of the Author and the Authority of those counsels and commands—"Inasmuch as you did it to the least of My little ones, you did it unto Me." And, though the Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century had broken sections of the world away from the inner motives of charity and yet lingered around their unmotivated philanthropies, disdaining to say of the Mother of Christ "Blessed art thou amongst women," and yet with an occasional voice deigning to say of the Virgin Mary, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," still in Catholic sections of the world the tradition of the works of mercy carried on, and in the hopes and issues of the blessings of maternity they had filial recourse to our Blessed Mother—Holy Mary, Mother of God.

Let us pause to note an example or two upon this point. In that illustrious essay which now preludes his vigorous novel, "The Fear of Living" (who has neglected to read it, now in its hundredth edition, French and English?), Henry Bordeaux says:

> In the mountains of Savoy the traveler often notices on the slopes bordering the roads, and sometimes even in the hollows of hidden valleys, shrines dedicated to Our Lady of Deliverance. Young wives in the hope of having children used to make pilgrimages to these shrines.

And as if in tones of lamentation, M. Bordeaux added:

> Today young wives thank God for a barrenness which in former days was a reproach. A child is such a rarity that it is watched over and spoilt.

A reproach, indeed: it is the curse that a pagan king, Shakespeare's Lear, solemnly imprecated when he begged the gods to put sterility upon his accursed daughters. The Catholic tradition is stated straightforwardly by M. Bordeaux in that same brave essay:

> Marriage is the gateway of the family, the foundation of the home; its aim is to complete two lives by joining the one to the other and to bring other

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beings into the world. . . . It both continues a tradition and perpetuates a race. Is it the importance of this race and this tradition which has to be considered, or is it only a petty ideal of practical happiness, comfortable and ignoble?

And the distinguished author repeats for his worldly-minded country of twenty-five years ago these forceful words of Theodore Roosevelt to our own neo-pagans:

> The wife must be the housekeeper, a companion to the founder of the home, a wise mother, who is not afraid of having many healthy children. In one of his powerful and melancholy books Daudet speaks of "the fear of maternity—the terror which haunts the young wife of the present day." When such words can be truly said about a nation, that nation is rotten to the core. When men fear work, or rightful war, when women fear maternity, they are trembling on the brink of damnation, and it would be a good thing if they vanished from the earth, where they are the just objects of scorn to all men and women who themselves are brave and high-souled.

Looking back, as to the shrines in Savoy, on other manifestations in Catholic culture in regard to the blessings of maternity, and the spiritual and corporal works of mercy attending them, what heart in any part of the world is not touched by the wistful legends in the old Gaelic traditions. Instance one of them: The hospitable cottage doors in Ireland are left unlocked on Christmas Eve: an eloquent protest to the inn that rejected the Mother of Christ on that historic evening; a reverent welcome to that dear Mother, if she were to come along in the night; yea, and a sincere welcome to any poor wayfarer without a home, remembering, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of My little ones, you did it unto Me." And in the fulness of those acts of practical faith, how tenderly the hospitable custom regarded a childless, and therefore lonely, husband and wife of some cottage—the legend saying that the Blessed Mother in her rounds of that hallowed night, might visit the childless cottage and if the mantle of Mary vouchsafed to rest for a moment upon the prayerful longings of the little house, then before the following Christmas their own welcome child would be in the grateful arms and hearts of its father and mother.

Yet beyond the shrines of Savoy, and earlier than blessed legends among the Gaels, the exemplar of these shrines and legends brought the spiritual and corporal mercies to the cause of maternity. From Nazareth to a city in Juda was a long and fatiguing road: but when Blessed Mary, in the supreme hour of the Annunciation, learned of the blessed condition of her cousin Elizabeth, she did not hesitate to hurry toward the lengthy and weary road. Read and reread the informative words of an archangel: read and contemplate a sentence or two from the historical narrative of the Evangelist:

> [Gabriel]: Behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren. Because no word shall be impossible with God. . . .
>
> [Evangelist]: And Mary, rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. . . .
>
> [Eizabeth to Mary]: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold, as soon as the voice of thy saluation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. . . .
>
> [Evangelist]: And Mary abode with her about three months. And she returned to her own house.

Around these simple texts, at once so solemnly associated with divine mysteries and yet so tenderly human with domestic services, eloquent passages in patristic literature celebrate the mysteries and the services; what depths of theology are sounded, what depths also of human reverence are revealed, in these discourses of the Fathers, Greek and Latin, Chrysostom and Augustine. And Ambrose, not to adorn a tale, but to point a moral, in a homily on the Visitation calls on all good and holy women to show that same assiduity of the Blessed Mother toward friends and relatives in their time of pregnancy; and this holy Father of the Church in Milan also addresses the class of chaste maidens: You have studied the virginal modesty of Mary; study also her humility; a superior goes to an inferior to assist that inferior: Mary to Elizabeth, Christ to John.

Surely these little texts, in their consoling strength, were familiar to our mothers and grandmothers, though more surely they knew the inviting lists of merciful works in the penny catechism. They cultivated the traditions that were enshrined everywhere in Catholic culture, and were surrounded by neighbors, worthy of the Samaritan neighborliness, who would haste, as did Maiden Mary, meek and mild, over any long road and up any hillside, to assist in needful hours and in the sacred drama of a maternity. And that blessed neighborliness, which many men and women of this day can recall of their own mothers, should return effectively to the little homes of today, amid the perplexities of fear ("O, ye of little faith!") and the complexities of medical finances ("Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but to God, the things that are God's"). The spiritual and corporal works of mercy are still listed in the penny catechism; legends and shrines, homilies of the Fathers and texts of the Gospel are still the invigorating inspiration for the blessed tradition of maternity.

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HENRY FORD AND ROMANTIC CORK

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

"ROMANTIC Ireland is dead and gone," said W. B. Yeats some years ago. Then Ireland woke up, and Mr. Yeats lost his reputation as a prophet. A native returning to Cork after a long absence feels like echoing the author of "Kathleen ni Houlihan," that poetic little drama that started the Irish Rebellion of recent years, and saying: "Romantic Cork is dead and gone. It's with O'Leary in the grave." But Cork may only be sleeping, or for all we know she may have died in her sleep.

Truly, though, might it be said, that "gone is the glory that was Cork." The old order has changed giving place to the new. The City Fathers, or Corporation, grand opera personalities all, or nearly all, and worthy of the attention and admiration of Gilbert and Sullivan, are now only a dim memory. They were unique and could not be duplicated in any part of the civilized world. Their flawless eloquence, and amazing absence of any kind of humor, were proverbial. No group of nation or empire builders could have taken themselves so seriously. Every ridiculous speech they made, and they made many, were held as sacred as the utterances of Demosthenes. They are gone! Ah me! And their likes we shall never see again!

But how did Cork come and how did Cork go? some supercilious person with no appreciation of the Irish may ask. Cork, we are told, was built by the Danes and destroyed by Henry Ford. God forgive Henry Ford, and he only a generation or two removed from the Rebel City. His grandfather paid ground rent to my grandfather, and both ancestral homes are still in our family. Next door neighbors they were, mind you, and both men of no mean ability. But strange, indeed, that the grandson of one neighbor should try to destroy with speed what the grandson of the other neighbor would save with leisure.

Only leisure will save Cork.

Gone is the famous race course, one of the best in the world. An automobile factory—The Ford Plant—now stands in its place. A grim joke on the racing fraternity, as indigenous to the soil as the potato or yellow turnip. They loved the horse more than they loved themselves or their neighbors. To them the horse was everything. When the horse went, they went. Gone too are the race course celebrities, the "trickies," characters all. Battered but unbroken men and women who managed to keep afloat like old corks no matter how stormy the seas of life. "The Immortal Unsinkables," as Carlyle might have called them had the great Sourface had the good fortune of making their acquaintance. Many were their trades and callings: the trick o' the loop man, who claimed acquaintanceship with all the crown heads of Europe, and the potentates of the East, and whose wit and humor, if properly commercialized, might secure for him fame and fortune; the card sharper practising the famous three card trick, and his merciless accomplices looking for drunken sailors to fleece them of their hard-earned savings; the vendor of crubeens, pig's-feet, and currant cakes with flies on them; the blind fiddler and his dancing daughter; the inevitable cornet player treating his victims to two of the worst melodies ever written, "Killarney" and "Mother Macree"; the ballad singer telling the story of the last poor peasant who was hanged for not shooting a landlord—pardon me, I mean for shooting him; and all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity who came to the center of the race course to be entertained while the "gintry" looked down on them from the grand stand with magnificent condescension. But the "trickies" were no objects of pity, or condescension. They enjoyed life, and squeezed and coaxed more out of it than the tall-hatted aristocrat or bemonacled nonentity. A rare tribe those "trickies"!

But Cork, in one of its many moments of insanity, presented the famous race course to Henry Ford for the price of a song, and the "trickies" were scattered to the four winds of Erin, to pass out of the picture, unknown to the outer world, unhonored and unsung. Oh, Henry Ford, Henry Ford, if you would do anything for the race from which you sprung and redeem yourself in the eyes of the world of poets, pessimists and philosophers, take your blasted old factory out of Cork, and give us back the race course, and the "trickies." They are worth more to suffering humanity than all the cars you ever made or will make. Your grandfather aroused the ire of my grandfather (quite an easy thing to do, from all I hear) by having a workshop where he cleaned the wool shorn from sheep, too near his domicile, but you have annoyed me by shearing from the Corkonians the poetry that hung on to them for ages.

Gone is the jarvey and his stock in trade, the jaunting car, or outside car, and the covered car, pushed into oblivion by the automobile. Before the coming of Henry Ford, the jarvies were the great entertainers, and as much a part of Cork as Aristophanes was of Greece. Glorious people they were, full of the joy of life, actors who only left the footlights while they slept. Keen observers of human nature, they had a yarn to suit every customer, and could give lessons in diplomacy to British prime ministers. They always tried to give the impression that the thing they were after, their

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fee, was the least of troubles, an incidental affair. And when asked what it was would answer: "I'll leave it to yourself, sir," or "ma'am," as the case may be. A most ingenious way of embarrassing the unfortunate client. They nearly always got more than the legal fare in this way, and even when they got twice too much they made you feel you were cheating them. Cork now goes to the movies for its entertainment. Poor Cork!

Gone are the Anglo-Irish aristocracy and the tradition they fostered, the inebriate, the bird-catcher, the old-time longshoreman, and the coal porter—bulwarks of an ancient city. Gone is the tall hat and the grand manner of the impecunious. In a word, the Cork of my youth, like Solomon's glory, is gone in the wind. But lest I lament too long and too loudly, a word or two about the Cork that is and the Cork that was. It was a Corkman who invented the submarine, if I remember rightly; if not, it should have been. It was a Corkman who gave us rubber heels, and a Corkman who slept during the Night of the Big Wind. Enough indeed to expect of any one place in a world of achievement.

Corkmen as a race are prone to smoke, borrow matches and clean their shoes. How and why they keep their shoes clean are two mysteries that have not yet been solved. If you should meet a man coming out of the Bog of Allan or the Jersey meadows with clean shoes, you can tell where he comes from, unless he fails to ask you for a match. Corkmen are fond of travel, and are found everywhere, except in good jobs in their native city or county. If you happen to be a Corkman with a first-class mind and a third-class opinion of yourself, no one will pay the least attention to you—but if you are lucky enough to be an Englishman or a Scotchman with a third- or fourth-class mind and a first-class opinion of yourself, every heart and door will be open to you.

The most important thing in Cork, next to being English or Scotch, is the Cork accent. As a matter of fact there are two accents. The accent of the educated and the accent of the hoi polloi. The first is as musical as the song of the linnet, the thrush or the lark; the other is indescribable. Those who use it insist on dropping their "th's and g's"—"dis and dat," with their plurals "dese and dose." Yet the "dis and dat" accent has an elemental force that has not been discovered by those desirous of destroying our enemies. England conquered Ireland with the English accent. Let the Gael be avenged, and conquer the English with the Cork accent.

After the Deluge it stopped raining. But not in Cork. One of the amazing things about this rain is that it does not seem to touch the natives. During a merciless rainstorm not so long ago, I met a tinker who tried to sell me a stove for my studio and a better salesman I have never met. In America he would make a fortune selling old razor blades. Or old toothpicks. He had no overcoat, and not much of an undercoat. I wore a heavy overcoat, and a hat large enough to be mistaken for an umbrella. For nearly half an hour we walked up a steep hill together, and when I reached my destination I was drenched. I looked at my companion who didn't seem to be conscious that it was raining at all. "Paddy," I said. "Aren't you wet?" "Ah, wisha no, sir," he answered casually. And truth to tell, he wasn't wet. How this happens, let someone else try to explain.

In Cork, people are either going to funerals or coming from them. I knew a Corkman who was only happy when he was walking after a hearse. When a fine Sunday would come and no one was to be buried, he would sink in the throes of melancholy, and say, "What a shame. A fine day like this and not a single funeral!" Something happens to a Corkman when he goes to a funeral. He transcends himself. Though lowly in life his lot may be, the Corkonian takes on airs and graces for which there seems to be no excuse and struts along with all the pomposity and solemnity of an exiled grand duke or a broken-down actor. Perhaps going to funerals is Cork's highest form of art. The absence of any other kind of art would make the casual observer think so.

The modest Corkman—if there be such a person—who remains out of his city for more than ten years would do well to visit the South Pole before returning. Then he will be able to appreciate the friendly propensities of the penguins. There is a grand aloofness and exclusiveness about Corkmen who don't travel outside their own little narrow circle that is amusing. One would think from the way they hold their noses in the air that they were the keepers of some secret that the rest of the world was not yet ready to share. What is this great secret, I wonder. If Thackeray were alive today, he might tell us, for he thought well of the city by the Lee. Perhaps the genius of the race was in bloom when he wrote so eulogistically about it. Some blame the war for the coldness of the people, but I could find no excuse for it. Perhaps they resented me because I did not die for Ireland, as though it were not easier to die than to live with my fellow countrymen.

Cork, of course, has its own way of dealing with all problems, as every returned Yank finds out to his sorrow. America nearly lost its wits and acquired a taste for bad liquor trying to solve the prohibition problem. Cork solved it by raising the price of drink. No poor man can afford to drink, an object lesson to the world. When the "seats of learning," the public houses, were destroyed, so to speak, by raising the price of porter, Cork took a backward step and sank to the level of the twentieth century. Porter, a wholesome, nourishing beverage, when not taken to excess, was the river, as it were, on which the wit, the humor-

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ist and the philosopher sailed into his dream world. Saturday night in the good old days was the night of nights. Every poor man who wanted to escape from himself, or his family or someone else's family, as the case might be, and wanted to express his soul went to his favorite pub, to sing a song, tell a story or go over the week's work again with a congenial friend, or even a stranger. The unkempt ballad singer, full of the sorrows of Granuaile, sang outside, while the tap-room tenor inside did full justice or injustice to some operatic air. Nothing less than Grand Opera satisfies the soul of a Corkman on a Saturday night. The porter, manufactured and supplied by an alien aristocracy, produced a feeling of patriotism that lay dormant during their sober hours, and the number who were ready to die for "Ould Ireland" on a Saturday night was only equal to those who were sick and tired of "the bloody country" on a Monday morning. Yet in four months I have only seen four people with the sign of drink on them.

Deficiency experts have tried to improve Cork, but to improve it would be to ruin it. There is something in the climate that makes it what it is, and the people what they are. Nothing except a change in the Gulf Stream, a Japanese or a Chinese invasion, could upset its complacency. What the outer world thinks of Cork is of no consequence, but what Cork thinks about the outer world is very important.

There is a grand casualness and air of leisure about Cork people even when they are in a hurry. Life to them is a glorious drama. If a story is worth telling it must be told, whether you want to listen to it or not. You might be rushing to catch a train or on your way to see a dying friend, but nothing matters except the story. The story's the thing. And when the teller of a tale says to you, "Now to make a long story short," you might as well find some place to sit down, for then you know he is only getting his first wind. And what wind those Corkonians have can only be appreciated by mariners, ancient or otherwise. They dramatize their lives. That is why they are not great lovers of the theatre, like the Jews, for instance, and one reason that they are not great readers. They live the experiences others read about. Talkers they are too, one and all. If you want to argue with a man from Cork begin first. Corkmen have been known to lose arguments—those who got the wrong start.

Cork has an unrecognized National Theatre, the Coal Quay Market. Here the impecunious soul of the city is caught in the last stages of native resourcefulness and everlastingly keeps expressing itself. Here indeed they will try to sell you everything from the old shoe or lump of coal fired over the garden wall at the cat the previous night, to a bonnet worn by the Queen of Spain when Columbus was a boy. Optimism is stretched to the limit, and anything that can be disposed of with the aid of native wit, humor, or abuse—glorious vituperation—will be sold on the Coal Quay. I would rather hear two old fishwives or vendors of pig's snouts in a battle of wits there than listen to Ellen Terry and Mrs. Pat Campbell in a play by Shakespeare.

The better classes of Cork have not yet heard about the Irish Rennaisance. Someone ought to tell them about it. Perhaps Henry Ford will be the one to break the news.

GERMAN CATHOLIC YOUTH

By KILIAN J. HENNRICH

THE rumor that the German government disliked the appointment of a certain prelate to the See of Berlin and the antagonism of the Nazi government to the flourishing and well-organized youth movement of more than 500,000, of which Monsignor Ludwig Wolker is the energetic leader, should make it particularly interesting to learn something about the principles and objects of the German Young Men's Union.

For the movement, Monsignor Wolker designed and issued, at the beginning of 1932 a "Fundamental Law" (*Grundgesetz*) upon which the following is based. It is an excellent document, sound in its principles and a good model for other lands. It is one of the reasons why the Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States decorated Monsignor Wolker with its Star "Pro Juventute."

The German Catholic Young Men's Union is a federation of sodalities, societies, clubs, etc., organized in parish groups. Its object is to create truly Catholic men who, imbued with the fire of youth and led by their ecclesiastical superiors, take the correct stand with regard to their duties toward their family, their vocation and their nation; and who exercise apostolic zeal in the promotion of the Kingdom of Christ.

The union does not embrace all young people, but is a branch of the Catholic Youth of Germany, embracing both sexes and organizations like the Kolping Society and a few others. All work in close cooperation with each other and all of them in turn hold membership in the Catholic Youth International. Just now, owing to political conditions, international activities are rather dormant and await a sounder interpretation of nationalism, race and patriotism. The patroness of the union is the Blessed Virgin Mary and to her it dedicates its members and its labors.

The work of the national headquarters consists in promoting the formation of parochial units and coordinating them in local and diocesan branches. It provides education in leadership and assists the constituent units to accomplish their religious, educational, social and politico-economic purposes. This constitutes the program of Catholic Action for its members. The national headquarters in Duesseldorf are the liaison office between the government and the Catholic Youth.

The "Fundamental Law" explains more in detail the

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fourfold purpose just mentioned. The religious purpose is to preserve its members as active Catholics by leading them on in the light of divine grace; to prepare them to fulfil the duties of charity; and, as workers in Catholic Action, to fight for the Kingdom of God and the honor and liberty of the Church. The members are to exemplify the life of Christ in the ranks of Catholic youth.

The educational purpose of the Young Men's Union is to provide a thorough and timely Christian education, to complement and continue the elementary instruction received in the home, the school and church by a more comprehensive and progressive religious training. This training comprises hygiene, character formation, sexual, vocational and family guidance as preparation for marriage. In addition to this, sociability, recreation, etc., are promoted under competent leadership.

The social and charitable purpose is to assist the members of the union and, if possible, others in their economic struggle by helping to obtain employment, and relief in accidents, sickness and poverty. To realize this purpose, national headquarters provide publicity, organization and proper leadership for obtaining redress, or laws if these should be required.

The final, but by no means the least important, purpose is politico-economic. Although most of the members belonged to the dissolved Center party, the union was and is not affiliated with any particular political group. It extends organized cooperation in the maintenance and strengthening of the nation in peace and liberty; in the establishment of laws for industry and labor based on charity and social justice; in the education of youth to Catholic Action in public questions according to sound Christian principles and to cooperation with the Catholic youth of the world.

This is the condensed program of the national organization as such. The individual parochial and local units have additional activities of their own based on the "Fundamental Law." These units intend to provide for the members means to enjoy their youth by the proper use of leisure hours and vacations. For this purpose it opens sources of true joy and recreation, sociability and friendship. Among these sources are: nature lore and art; sports and games; music and song; radio and film; poetry and drama; hiking and camping; parties and dancing and the like. Furthermore, the local groups should be for youth a school of Christian life under the guidance of the priest representing the supreme leader, Jesus Christ. He supervises their compliance with religious duties as members of the Sodality or Third Order or as Christians in general. So these branches become an arena of Catholic Action in which youth may exercise and train itself in piety, restraint, leadership and cooperation under the guidance of competent leaders and with the benefit of example united in a good cause.

The athletic or sports division called Jugendkraft is not a separate organization, nor are the Pfadfinder (scouts) of which there are some groups. These form but sections of the parochial and national organizations and are subject to the jurisdiction and regulations of the branches to which they belong. They constitute but one feature of an all-round Catholic education and training system.

This form of Catholic organization as found in Germany does not differ much from that in vogue in other European countries. It is substantially the same the world over, except in English-speaking lands. The French-Canadian Youth forms an exception. In the United States there is no Catholic Youth Movement universally accepted. Several attempts made to create one have failed or led a more or less tolerated existence.

What has been stated, should help us to understand why in some countries the government meddled with organized youth and tried to reform or dissolve it. Youth is impetuous and idealistic, easily aroused but not easily checked if carried away by enthusiasm. It will go right or wrong, depending upon its education and leadership. That such a youth, if numerous, well organized and well trained, may cause trouble to a revolutionary government, goes without saying. Youth, well grounded in religion, will stand for justice and right. It will not suffer infringement on personal, religious and civic liberty. Still lacking the experience which age and struggles bring with them, it knows as yet nothing about selecting minor evils or the diplomacy of giving and taking and of waiting for better days. No wonder, such youth becomes a source of irritation to a liberal and irreligious government, and a source of strength and a weapon in the hands of religious and more conservative forces. Hence, the trouble. In such a crisis, Catholic leadership is put to a test. On the one hand, what has been built up must, if possible, be preserved; on the other hand, the powers that are, must for the time being be satisfied without becoming disloyal to principles and creed. The Creed of German Youth as sworn to by all at Fulda soon after the war is a beautiful confession of Faith and worthy of translation:

"We Catholic boys and young men wish to be Catholic through and through; hence, our daily work is Catholic Action.

"We wish to be Catholic, soldiers of the Saviour of the World; hence, the Kingdom of Christ precedes every earthly reign.

"We wish to be Catholic, Christ's youthful congregation; hence, no class nor condition shall divide our ranks.

"We wish to be youthful, saintly and pure; hence, we greet Mary as our Mother and Queen.

"We wish to be youthful, humble and true; hence, we obey our competent leaders.

"We wish to be youthful, joyful and happy; hence, we march onward in loyalty to the brotherhood.

"We wish to be men, protectors of the Christian home; hence, we respect the honor of women and the dignity of the family.

"We wish to be men, earnest and strong; hence, we work diligently in our holy vocation.

"We wish to be men, citizens and free; hence, we are willing to sacrifice for home, people and nation.

"To attain this, we Catholic boys and young men will fight side by side and our slogan shall be: 'For the Kingdom of Christ and a new Fatherland!' "

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CHARLES PHILLIPS

By JAMES LOUIS SMALL

IN THE spring of 1919, during an interlude between hospital service at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and sailing for France to take up post-war work at the behest of the Knights of Columbus, I called upon my friend, Dr. Humphrey Desmond, of the *Catholic Citizen,* Milwaukee. "So you're going overseas?" he queried. "When you reach Paris be sure to look up Charles Phillips. You two will like one another."

Immediately, therefore, after reporting at the Paris office I asked for Mr. Phillips. Yes, he was expected almost any moment. He was coming in from the old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, where the Knights had maintained a station, and would soon check out for the States. In a day or so he appeared, and as we met for the first time our handclasp was symbolical of a friendship that lasted until his passing from earth in the course of a holiday visit with a brother and sister in Minneapolis. I even dare hope that that friendship will live beyond the grave. There are few whose prayers I so earnestly covet.

The personality of Charles Phillips was as delicately elusive as was the fine-faceted verse that flowed from his pen over a space of twenty-five years. There will be a number to tell of his work; not so many, perhaps, to tell of him. The reason is not far to seek, as those will realize who knew him ever so little. Katherine Brégy, in an incomparable essay on Louise Imogen Guiney, once said of the latter: "More and more abdicant became her life." That is as shrewd a way of putting it with respect to Charles Phillips as one could well seek out.

Not that he did not drink deeply of life. Indeed, I have known few who drank of it with greater relish. But he possessed in eminent degree the sense of aloofness that enables its fortunate claimant to push the cup aside with as ready a grace as to draw it close; to release as well as to hold; to play as well as to work; to regard all things here with a splendidly impartial outlook. As I once heard from lips long since cold: Our attachment to life ought to be as flexible as the Kiss of Peace at Mass: a touch, a light embrace, then withdrawal. So, life to Charles Phillips was somewhat of a passing show, but withal a show to the enjoyment of which he brought a gaiety that was spontaneous and unfeigned.

Hence, the intense humanness of this smiling, six-foot edition of Catholic manhood. Incident after incident crowds in upon me as I write, incidents of our Paris days, spent, when we were not working, in prowling about sundry odd corners of the dear old town or in impromptu trips to nearby points of historic interest. I recall, for instance, our Sunday in ancient Rouen, where we frolicked in a narrow street with a diminutive army of charming children, with whom we left bits of chocolate as souvenirs; where we knelt in the market square that had seen the pure soul of Saint Jeanne d'Arc yield itself up amid the flames; and where, at sunset, we stood in the grim tower to which the Maid had been taken, to view the horrid instruments of torture. On the way home, hours late because of a train wreck, it was Charles whose humor never flagged and to whom the tedious journey owed whatever it held of cheer.

Similarly, I remember the boyish zest that entered into the finding of a five-franc piece on a Paris sidewalk one scorching midsummer afternoon. "We must spend it!" he laughed joyously. "But how?" We finally decided to charter one of the decrepit horse-drawn vehicles that were wont in those days to cluster in front of the Madeleine and have the driver take us as far as might be for the five francs. I have never forgotten, and I do not believe Charles ever forgot, that ride. With feet propped up in front of us, we surveyed as from a throne the gay whirl of the world's gayest city as we jolted along the Champs Elysées, exclaiming one to another, "What wouldn't the home folks say if they could only see us now!"

This altogether delightful chain of association was broken when Charles went to Poland. That portion of his life will always stand as witness to his incurable romanticism, his instinctive care for the suffering and the oppressed, and his complete devotion to a friend. The beginning of it lay far back when, as a young journalist in San Francisco, member of a brilliant and gifted circle that gathered in its salons, still touched with the glory of New Spain, he had fallen under the spell of the great Modjeska. From her he had gained the dramatic inspiration which later on was to flower in a play in which Margaret Anglin starred, and from her he learned the tragic story of her nation's griefs and wrongs.

Years afterward, having checked in from Ehrenbreitstein, Charles Phillips, along with "Pat" Hayes of Connecticut, constituted a committee sent to Poland to make a survey of conditions with a view of determining whether it were advisable for the Knights of Columbus to administer relief in that stricken country. In several weeks' time they returned with their verdict. In their opinion, while there was much need in Poland, the Knights of Columbus were not justified in extending help since their funds had been supplied by the American people to aid American soldiers. It was, rather, they said, a work to be undertaken by the Red Cross. Their report was straightforward, dispassionate and sympathetic.

At once Charles Phillips resigned from the Knights of Columbus, under whose banner he had rendered distinguished service, volunteered for and was accepted by the American Red Cross for its work in Poland. There was something tremendously sincere and moving about it. "Standing beside Modjeska's tomb in Cracow," said he, and the quiet tenseness of his words was unforgettable, "I promised her I would return and do what I could for her people." So he kept his word, and after we had said goodbye in the shadow of St. Augustin's lofty dome, the day, for one of us at least, had lost its brightness and the birds had ceased to sing.

The visible fruit of Charles Phillips's labors in Poland is to be found in his published work: a book and a number of magazine articles put out following his return to America two or three years later. The less tangible,

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but none the less real part of it had to do with orphans comforted, morale strengthened and faith fortified. He came home a more or less broken man. For a time he rested and wrote and then, in the autumn of 1924, although still suffering from a bad heart, he joined the faculty of the department of English at the University of Notre Dame.

That Charles Phillips must have been a potent influence at Notre Dame no one who knew him could possibly doubt. Several years ago one of his old and valued friends, Brother Leo, quoted a student there as speaking of him as "king of the campus." In addition to his teaching duties he collaborated with the late Knute Rockne in one of the famous coach's first literary ventures, and his brief interview given the daily press of the country when Rockne hurtled to his death on a Kansas field was a cameo classic.

His deafness, a cross of long years' bearing, increased as time wore on. Yet I cannot think that it did aught save sweeten him, as his other crosses also had sweetened him.

Charles Phillips never forgot any whom he loved, nor did they easily forget him. Still fresh in memory is the delight he experienced when the soldier lads whom he had served at Ehrenbreitstein presented him with a beautifully wrought gift before they sailed from Brest. Had one ever shared with him the sacrament of friendship, one shared with him the things of the spirit even unto the end.

He is gone—in the flesh. I cannot but think that he went forth on his last faring cheerfully, graciously. Again, Louise Imogen Guiney: "The soul meets its final opportunity, as at a masked ball; if it cannot stand and salute, to what end were its fair faculties given?"

Charles Phillips, I make no doubt, stood at salute.

Song: The First Frost

(For Muted Strings.)

Take your sleep, take your rest,
Love that I have lost.
Now upon the flower of love
Falls the first frost.

There was joy, there was laughter,
There was sun and light.
Now there is only shadow,
Now, only night.

Unkind wind of unkind word
In an unkind hour,
Why did you put cold and darkness
On my lovely flower!

Take your sleep, take your rest,
Love that I have lost.
Be you happy, on me only
Fall the blighting frost.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Days without End

EUGENE O'NEILL has at last written the play which, in its spiritual content, some of us dared to hope would emerge from the deep conflicts within his poet's soul. "Days without End" is the culmination in religious spirit, at least, of nearly every play he has written before, as inseparable from "Beyond the Horizon," "The Great God Brown" and "Mourning Becomes Electra" as Dante's ascent of the mount of Purgatory is inseparable from his passage through the Inferno. This new play, which is one of courageous surrender to Christ crucified, catches up in the web of its intensity all that has gone before, of search, of pain and mortification, of bitter disillusionment, of frustrated pride and terrifying doubt, of momentary illumination and renewed despair, of false hope and of unutterable weariness. O'Neill, as one of the few great poets of this age, has not been spared even one of these stages in the pilgrimage which true poets have had to make from the beginning of time. Behind the vast objective variety of his plays, there has always been the unity and the titanic purpose of a great search, sometimes for the meaning of suffering and pain, sometimes for new gods, as in "Dynamo," or for the meaning of divine laughter, as in "Lazarus Laughs." The search has been relentless, almost daemonic. The characters in O'Neill's plays have been the many parts of himself resembling the great voice of a tumult crying out—in a wilderness.

Nor has there been any accident in the mighty psychological sequence of his plays. It was no accident that the conflict of two brothers, realistically presented in "Beyond the Horizon," should precede the conflict of masked personalities, of Dion Anthony and Bill Brown, in "The Great God Brown," nor that the discovery of the creative power of suffering in Brown should precede the mighty but too proud laughter of Lazarus. It was no mere chance that the old struggle of the many men should reemerge in "Strange Interlude" as a passionate effort to sacrifice the sensitive to the brutal, the inner man to the man who could meet the world, and that this sterile sacrifice should, in turn, be followed by the search for a new god in "Dynamo"—a strange female god that turned upon the searcher and killed him. The attempt to meet the world upon false terms had failed. The chained soul of the poet was still alone, facing the insoluble riddle of his many selves. From the depth of this vast loneliness came the restatement of the oldest problem of Greek tragedy in "Mourning Becomes Electra"—the problem of the closed circle which man himself, alone and unaided, can never solve. In the last scene of that portentious play, the daughter of the house of Mannon closed herself up in the house of her ancestors. It was the soul of the poet retiring into the vast silence and mystery of a retreat. Whatever might happen in that illuminating silence, the poet who emerged from it could not be the same as the one who entered it. For it

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was the retreat of calm purpose and not of fear. It was a going back to the source, not to seek release from conflict in oblivion, but to drink deeply at that source from springs that would give new strength for the next stage in a far journey.

The great voice of a tumult crying out—in a wilderness. But it was a wilderness of singular beauty that O'Neill found in his poet's retreat after the long night—a wilderness not unlike the fields under the castle of the Grail when touched by the Good Friday spell, or like the fresh aspect of nature which Europe discovered in the first dawn of the Renaissance after the dark ages had purged pagan monstrosities from the fields and forests and the stars. "Ah, Wilderness!", the next play, had its title of tender discovery by right of a new and fresh vision of old things. The critics told us that it was a very new O'Neill who wrote this "nostalgic little play of youthful memories." They were right in speaking of a new O'Neill, but uncommonly obtuse in not seeing the true meaning of the clearer vision. It is only during the years when men are battling for maturity against the ties to childish emotions that they see goblins and dragons everywhere. Imperial Rome peopled its world with terrifying gods because the Romans were still too close to the childhood of their race. The Caesars had the souls of children parading in the trappings of men and empire. Francis of Assisi, marching and singing over the hills of Umbria, ten centuries later, saw nature with the maturity of a free man. He, too, was a voice in a wilderness that no longer held any terrors. O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" was just such a cry of discovery as Francis might have uttered on seeing a field without the disfiguring shape of Pan above it.

But maturity, whether in the men and women we know, or in the soul of a poet, has its own struggles. From the figure of John, crying in the wilderness, men and poets move to the figure of the loving John, who was not afraid to remain on Calvary. And it is John Loving, by name as well as by poetic figure, who has become the central character of O'Neill's new play, of this "Days without End," in which the soul of the poet, emerging into maturity after the retreat in the house of Mannon, meets the struggle of the grown man between Christ and anti-Christ. If this play is, as I believe, the spiritual culmination of every play that O'Neill has written before, it is because it fits, with all the perfection of the poet's pilgrimage, directly into that amazing sequence which gives unity and meaning and strength to O'Neill's work.

John Loving's struggle is that of the mature man—but it is still a struggle between two selves, the same struggle, on a higher plane, that began in "Beyond the Horizon," and continued through and beyond "The Great God Brown." And O'Neill has given us his main character in the aspect of two men, John, sensitive and searching, and Loving, whom we see only under a mask of bitterness and cynicism and spiritual negation. It is not until John makes his final surrender to Christ on the cross that he becomes one man, John Loving, and the masked self dies. It is not even an accident that Loving should be the bitter mask—it is John's greatest strength which he has allowed to become his greatest weakness. It is his loving self which he has sold to the devil of doubt and destruction.

When John Loving, as a boy of fifteen, lost both of his parents, he turned against God, cursed Him, and gave his soul to the evil of intolerable hatred. Not even his uncle, Father Baird, a priest who became his guardian, could draw him back to his lost faith. Later in life, John believes he has found a new god of love in his marriage with Elsa, but the fiend of his other self, who now accompanies him everywhere, makes him hate even this newfound love and wish to destroy it as a revenge on love itself. Goaded by this mocking self, he is unfaithful to his wife, and is then afraid to tell her the truth and seek her forgiveness. He goes so far as to invent the plot of a novel, which is really his own story, and tells it to his wife in order to discover whether she would be willing to forgive. But Elsa has heard the same story, without mention of John's name, from the woman with whom he sinned, and recognizes the reality behind the fiction. The dream of her perfect marriage is broken. She cannot understand John's possessed spirit and his desire to be revenged on love itself.

It is, then, that Loving, John's distorted self, suggests the end of the story—that the wife must die, and John be released from the need of confessing his guilt. Elsa is just recovering from influenza. The suggestion plays upon her mind. She rushes out into the night. Her influenza turns into pneumonia, and her death is imminent when John undergoes his passion of remorse and his struggle to regain the faith that is his only hope. In one of the most extraordinary and moving scenes of stage literature, John goes to the church where he prayed as a boy, and to the foot of the great crucifix. He prays in agony beneath the figure of Christ. The fiend cries denial and mockery. John prays on, a prayer of complete surrender and love. The fiend falls dead at the foot of the cross, and John Loving, now one man, reborn in love, hears from Father Baird what he already knows in his heart, that Elsa lives, and has forgiven him.

This bare outline does little justice to the meaning of a play that in scope and proportion and inner illumination is nothing less than the transcription to the stage of the life and death struggle of a soul in torment. To many, the towering paradox of victory in surrender will be lost. But to those who understand the universal soul of the mystic, in all times and all ages, the meaning will be plain enough. They will see the courage of humility, where others may see only softness or what they may defensively call sentimentality. Nietzsche could not follow the ascent of Wagner from the incestuous circle of his dying gods to the illumination of "Parsifal." And there are those who will not want to follow O'Neill, as the poet of the Electra problem, to the acceptance of the Christian mystery of resurrection through faith and surrender. But many true poets will follow him gladly on the painful road to Calvary—where only the loving John could remain in the dark hours of expiation and atonement. The struggle of John Loving, in O'Neill's play, is an agony of renunciation that will live in its spiritual implications

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among the great poetic and religious creations of the world's literature.

The Theatre Guild has brought to this play much, but not all, of the understanding it needs. The play, considered solely as dramatic writing, has the faults that spring from too exclusive a concentration on the spiritual struggle. At times, its exposition is too elaborate, and at other times its action is too condensed and bare. The Guild has exaggerated the already too sharp contrasts of black and white. Earle Larimore, as the tortured John, achieves in the final scenes a power and exaltation that is alternately daemonic and inspired. No performance of equal scope and understanding has been seen on our stage in this generation. Stanley Ridges, too, makes of the masked Loving a figure comparable only to Goethe's fiend. Ilka Chase, as Lucy, the "other" woman, contributes a finely sardonic portrait of disillusionment and self-contempt. But Selena Royle as Elsa is effective only after her return from the cold night, when the fever is first upon her. Before that, her quality is too negative. Her Elsa is too complacently "good." And Robert Loraine as the priest, Father Baird, has been very poorly directed. His lines, too, are overevangelistic at times, and there are only fleeting moments when he is wholly recognizable as one of those men whose prayers and whose strength are revealed to the world chiefly in calm action and rich insight. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

AMERICAN ARTISTS

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

TWO THOROUGHLY delightful shows of American art have just coincided in New York. They offer a renewal in appreciation of one's country and of art—or, to take in a little more territory, of humanity. Eugene Speicher is one of the artists whose work is exhibited and the other is John Sloan. The Sloan exhibit is almost two in one, for it shows the artist using two different methods: that which has made his reputation and is no doubt pretty familiar to art patrons and gallery-goers throughout the country, in his genre painting of New York scenes principally, of lower Fifth Avenue, Washington Square, Greenwich Village, roof tops; and a second, a method employed during the past five years or so, principally in painting nudes. In this second style, he paints in tempera, which he overlays with oil, and uses cross-hatchings to break up the otherwise too flat tempera colors and to effect the sculpturing, the rounds of figures and drapery. This new style he has used with hard, competent intelligence, considering hard in a good sense, to distinguish his work from the messy, self-pitying soft type that is so hopeless in so many ways. It gives a classic abstractness to realism, for his nudes are realistic, not chosen for svelt grace or idealized. But though they may be awkward, they yet have the authentic dignity of living, breathing, suffering, hoping human beings, and many reflect a hard, modern competence of character of the modern girl, distinct from the femininity or coyness of the Victorian. These new pictures are done in such luminous, hot colors that they make the older ones look rather antique by contrast. Both, however, are distinguished, the expressions of an intelligent view of the world by an artist skilful in expressing what he means.

Speicher's show seems aristocratic, by contrast with Sloan's. Though it is probably remote from Sloan's intention to be a proletarian artist, his subjects and the certain hardness of his method, do give some justification to this classification of his work. Speicher on the other hand is distinctly aloof, and selective and restrained. His nudes and draped figures have a pure loveliness both in treatment and in the God-given circumstance of their beauty. They are not "stunners" such as the Pre-Raphaelities, or in a more vulgar sense, Bougerau, or in a popular way, Charles Dana Gibson, delighted to limn. But they are young women caught in a calm, elevated and impersonal mood, with the freshness and poignancy of their youth, delicately stated in its reality. The famous "Babette" is there, widely acclaimed one of the finest paintings of modern times. She is a rather hefty blonde *mädchen,* thoroughly at her ease, at home, pausing in a moment of reading a book. The entire surface of the canvas is interesting, the color and composition subtle and exquisitely beautiful without any "arty" faking. It is a lovely thing, and in another corner of the gallery, is the rather more elfin—as regards the character of the subject—"Mary Rivoir," slender, musing and sensitive: a rare sprite, perhaps, but one quite as real and quite as entitled to life and art's recognition as the distorted and graceless femininity that has been painted so much by our moderns. Mr. Speicher's landscapes are done in the American air, that is, without nuances; but in spite of their explicitness, they have an overtone, or overtones, which vistas of nature do have. Even so prosaic a subject as a freight station, is shown with the color and aliveness of the reality. The Speicher show is at the Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries until February; the Sloan show, which will have closed when this appears, was at the Montross Gallery. It is to be followed by an exhibition of the work of young Europeans other than French, and it is said that this show will exhibit a marked trend away from nonsensical abstractions and distortion.

COMMUNICATIONS

A POSSIBLE CORNER-STONE

Falmouth, Kentucky.

TO the Editor: In his inspiring article, "Street Campaigning for Christ," Theodore Dorsey mentions that "a stone was thrown at us in a California city which the local pastor retained as a souvenir." Far from being "a stone of stumbling and a rock of scandal," that stone may become "the stone which the builders rejected, the same to be made the head of the corner."

To prove what I say, let me quote this entry from my diary written in St. Sulpice Seminary, September, 1898:

"One evening in October, 1896, a priest paid a prospecting visit to Cayenne, in the suburbs of Paris. Within the memory of man it was the first time that a black cassock was seen there. Indifferent to the jokes and jibes and jeers of the bystanders, he calmly went his way.

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" 'Good God, here is a spot where I should build a church,' he said to himself. 'I will dedicate it to Saint Augustine, and maybe there is many a Monica here.'

"Maybe there was, but here was a rascal of a lad who cried out, 'A crow, a black crow!' Another boy, still worse, took a stone and hurled it at the 'crow,' the intruder, the priest. It was a good throw. The stone wounded the priests' brow.

"As a revenge, the priest slowly picked up the stone, now crimsoned with his blood, and said, 'I thank you, my friend; this stone will be the first stone of the church which I will build here.' "

Eventually the church was built, and the stone was thrown into the concrete mixer. A good throw again. Now I do not remember the name of the priest who told us this incident at the dinner table. But I distinctly recollect the names of two men who heard the story as I did. One was my colleague, Dr. Vigouroux, the famous biblicist; the other was a very young priest, waiting on us, I believe. And (O, the whirligig of time! The golden legend has no sweeter story) his name was Father Verdier, now Superior General of St. Sulpice, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and builder of scores and scores of new churches. Yes, there are "sermons in stones."

REV. J. M. LELEN.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM

Tucson, Ariz.

TO the Editor: In reply to the request of an Instructor of San Francisco in THE COMMONWEAL for December 15, I should like to state that a pamphlet listing eminent converts to Catholicism was published some years ago, although at present it may be out of print. As I recall it, the paper was entitled, "What Does It Feel Like To Be a Convert?" I remember particularly well the contributions of such notable converts as Orestes Brownson, Father Ronald Knox, Henry Jones Ford and Father Robert Howard Lord.

My copy of the pamphlet was presented to me by a priest at the Boston cathedral ten years ago, when, like many another college freshman, I took a great interest in the controversial aspects of religion. The same priest also referred me to a useful little book, "The American Catholic Convert Movement," by Father Mannix.

In this study the author enumerated four types of converts to Catholicism: the philosophical, the historical, the esthetic, the dynamic. Hard and fast categories may be a bit dangerous, but I dare say that most converts that one knows or has read about would, for the most part, fit into one of these groups. At the end of the book, as I remember, appeared a list of well-known Americans who have embraced the Catholic faith.

Such catalogues are, of course, mere outlines, but a perusal of them often prods one to a more extended reading on the subject. Moreover, a dissemination of such information, in a tactful manner, is wholly in the spirit of that Catholic Action so earnestly advocated by our present Sovereign Pontiff.

DAVID A. ELMS.

Green Bay, Wis.

TO the Editor: One of your correspondents, "Instructor," asked for a list of noted converts and the stories of their conversion. Besides the book, given in THE COMMONWEAL of December 29, 1933, "Conversions to the Catholic Church," I submit the following list:

Ronald A. Knox, "A Spiritual Aeneid";
Kent Stone, "An Awakening";
Monsignor Kolbe, "Up the Slopes of Mount Sion";
A. Baker, "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress";
A. M. Sholl, "The Ancient Journey";
S. Burrows, "The Open Door";
P. H. Burnet, "A Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church";
Anonymous, "A Spiritual Pilgrimage";
C. J. Eustace, "Romewards";
S. Delany, "Why Rome?";
Vernon Johnson, "One Lord, One Faith";
Willebrord Verkade, "Yesterdays of an Artist Monk";
W. Orchard, "From Faith to Faith";
J. Moody, "The Long Road Home";
Arnold Lunn, "Now I See";
Frederick J. Kinsman, "Salve Mater."

And the following collections of stories of converts:

"The City of Peace," edited by the Catholic Truth Society;
"Roads to Rome," edited by G. Raupert;
"Roads to Rome in America," edited by G. Curtis.

REV. G. RYBROOK, O. PRAEM.

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: One of your correspondents in the issue of December 15 asked for a list of noted converts presumably American. I might refer him to "Distinguished Converts to Rome in America," by D. J. Scannell-O'Neill, published by B. Herder Book Company, 1907.

SACERDOS.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

Laoag, P. I.

TO the Editor: I hereby express to you my heartfelt thanks for having published in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL my appeal for Catholic magazines and periodicals, thus making known to your readers one of the most urgent needs of young students here in the Philipines.

Some generous souls have already responded by sending me back numbers of THE COMMONWEAL and other Catholic magazines and periodicals. Some also have signified to me their willingness to send me Catholic papers of current date. Oh what a joy and blessing it is for the students here who thus have the chance to see these magazines!

So I wish to extend through your columns my sincere gratitude to all who have responded to my appeal and at the same time request them to continue in aiding this worthy and noble cause of the spiritual formation of youth.

I wish you and all noble-spirited Americans who have kindly offered me their help, blessings in the new year.

REV. EMILIO P. PONCE.

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BOOKS

A Pair of Piercing Eyes

War Memories of David Lloyd George, 1915-1916. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

THE SECOND volume of Lloyd George's war memories is even more interesting than the first because of the fact that in it the writing itself is more brilliantly executed. In short, the author has hit his stride. Taken as a whole the book is a record of the stupidity of the military mind, with Lloyd George himself both prosecutor and judge. The cocksureness of the former British Premier will no doubt annoy many, and yet it was a quality which, possessed by a man of Lloyd George's genius, undoubtedly saved Great Britain and the Allies. It is appalling to think what would have happened if the production of munitions had been left to the martinets of the War Office, and it is certain if the Allied generals had taken Lloyd George's oft-repeated advice and sent a large army to Salonica, that the slaughter on the Western Front in 1916 to 1918 would never have been.

But Joffre and Haig and Robertson thought differently, first believing that a break-through in France was possible, and then upholding the idea of attrition. Naturally Lloyd George doesn't like Joffre, though his attributing to him the quality of cynicism is certainly startling, as is his statement that the French commander-in-chief was a supreme orator. It is at such moments that the cloven hoof of the "Little Welsh Solicitor" peeps out under the mantle of the prophet, and one realizes why there are those who dislike him so intensely. Lloyd George is undoubtedly right in most of his main judgments and contentions, but he sometimes takes an unfair advantage in discussing his opponents. Yet his understanding of the futility of military leadership in the two dark years of 1915-1916, with the idiocy of the attempted break-through in France and the appalling incompetence in Mesopotamia, was enough to make him fight for sanity with every weapon at hand, and to leave scars which time has not erased.

To the ordinary reader, however, the most interesting parts of the book are his character sketches, and with the exception of his judgment of Joffre they are as a rule reasonably fair and good-humored.

Of Kitchener he writes: "He was like one of those revolving lighthouses which radiate momentary gleams of revealing light far out into the surrounding gloom and then suddenly relapse into complete darkness." And to prove it he shows that Kitchener foresaw the German march through Belgium, but relied entirely on shrapnel and had a contempt both for the French army and for his own Territorials.

Of General Robertson he says: "He was cautious to the point of timidity." Yet "such men always get on in any vocation. These qualities of circumspection in judgment and speech lead even shrewd and experienced observers of all sorts and conditions of men to infer that there is a vast mental hinterland unexplored and unrevealed."

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NEXT WEEK

CATHOLICS IN NAZI GERMANY, by George N. Shuster, who has only recently returned from abroad where he observed at first hand what he writes about, pictures calmly but emphatically the more and more dangerous plight of Catholics there faced with a fanatical religion of the state. Besides the destruction of the Center party in Germany and the suppression of practically all Catholic newspapers, thousands of Catholic holders of civic offices and smaller government jobs in cities and towns, have been thrown out and beggared, Mr. Shuster reveals, and the children of devout parents are forced to participate in political education groups which are hostile to the Church and whose ethical teachings are primitive. "Nevertheless," the author concludes, "I do not believe in the permanence of bogus faiths." . . . THE SECURITIES ACT, by Oliver McKee, jr., comments on important reasons which are being advanced for the liberalization of the bill passed so rapidly in the last Congress for the regulation of the traffic in investment securities. The stringent temper of this bill, expressing a popular reaction to the collapse of the security market, the writer states, imposes needless burdens on, and retards the recovery of, legitimate business. . . . A MAGAZINE FOR YOUTH, by Norman McKenna, presents an idea that is to Catholic publishers a hardy perennial. It suggests that youth is not being served by existing Catholic periodicals and that the liveliness peculiar to youth should have its literary outlet. This theory, because it is a common one, deserves an airing. . . . THE CHURCH OF THE MOSAICS, by Donald Attwater, is a brief, vivid description of one of the great monuments of Christianity which is again in the news because of the uncovering of the mosaics there.

Of Asquith: "His massive and well-ordered intellect worked with the precision and directness of a perfect and powerful machine. But he waited until propositions were submitted to him. He never drove or initiated."

Of Balfour, who, though admirable as Foreign Secretary, lacked the physical energy and fertility of resource for chief of the Admiralty, he gives a most amusing and illuminating anecdote. At the Versailles War Council in 1918 Clemenceau called on Balfour to give his opinion on an important question. "Mr. Balfour, as was his wont, gave a string of reasons on both sides and then stopped. M. Clemenceau threw up his heavy eyelashes in astonishment, opened his eyes wide, and then said, 'C'est fini?' Mr. Balfour replied, 'Oui, Monsieur.' Then Clemenceau retorted snappishly in English, 'But are you for or against?' Mr. Balfour had evidently not decided and seemed unprepared for an answer. Ultimately he reported against."

It is such touches as these which give the book its racy tang, but no one interested in the Great War can afford to neglect the less personal portions of the narrative. I look forward with keen interest to the volume which is yet to appear, and which will deal of the period when its author was Premier and chief British representative at the Peace Conference.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

More about China

Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

IN "THE GOOD EARTH," Pearl Buck made her Chinese characters brother and sister to the peasants of all lands; she broadened her hero's little farm to include the universality of the world. Alice Tisdale Hobart's novel takes the other approach: "Oil for the Lamps of China" is solely and specifically bound to China—the China both of the Chinese and the foreigner in amity and conflict with one another. More than that, it is an impressive, sweeping and excellent presentation of a transition period during which occidental civilization seeps into a country none too prepared to accept it.

Were one to look for symbols, the great oil company which Stephen Chase represents is the visible agent of that civilization; the ill-conceived, reckless and restless political and military strife is the outward manifestation of the impact of western ideas and ideals. Yet Mrs. Hobart is no symbolist. She is a realist, free from crudeness and actuated by that vast sympathy which at once blesses and bedevils those who understand two opposing viewpoints. Even further, her book is the career history of a man who wages a hopeless fight against absorption into a system which operates only for its commercial perpetuation without regard for its human cogs.

Mrs. Hobart's impartiality is completely reflected in the character of Stephen. He might be aptly compared to a shuttlecock which weaves back and forth between the peoples of the East and the West. His very allegiances through understanding shapes his destiny and posits an inner conflict which is often more suggested than actually

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described. Beside him on the one hand is his wife, an incarnation of the perfect helpmate, and on the other, Ho and Kin, each offering a different and genuine devotion. The mutations of these four in their relationships to one another would alone make a tensely dramatic novel.

In and beyond Kin is seen the teeming millions of China's laborers who live so precariously on the brink of starvation. Every transaction must be made to yield at least a mite of profit. Kin's devotion to Stephen did not prevent his following the custom of "squeeze." He too insisted on preserving that very necessary self-dignity, depending on so many bewildering and odd niceties, which is known as "face." In and through Ho is seen similarly that class of Chinese wealthy landowners, overlords and nobles who as jealously preserve and adhere to the common and special customs of their race.

Yet when "Oil for the Lamps of China" is concluded, Mrs. Hobart leaves her readers with the conviction that all she describes is fleeting. China, awakened to a new sense of nationalism or impregnated with Communistic theory, is arising. With her every movement, life within her borders takes on a different aspect. Nothing is destined to be unchanged; everything is agitated by the necessity of readjustment to conditions as shifting as quicksands. This is so masterfully and convincingly conveyed by Mrs. Hobart that few who have read will forget her book.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

The Liberal

Brandeis: Lawyer and Judge in the Modern State, by Alpheus Thomas Mason. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

THE great influence of Justice Brandeis's ideas in our modern state has not been generally appreciated. Most people do not seem to realize the extent to which the views which he has long held and persistently advocated have come to prevail in legislature and court. To followers, less isolated than he, has often been attributed all of the praise or blame for measures or decisions which stem from him. Professor Mason's very able and timely study places the responsibility where it belongs.

Brandeis's experience in large affairs and his complete familiarity with business methods, his devoted interest in social and economic values, his indefatigable industry in ascertaining basic facts and his constant efforts to make the law responsive to human needs, are all admirably set forth. Chief Justice Hughes has termed Justice Brandeis the master of both microscope and telescope. The tribute has been well earned.

The author's sympathies are with Brandeis throughout except in certain of his interpretations of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. At times, Professor Mason seems somewhat impatient with those differently minded. So far as concerns the great court of which Justice Brandeis is such an outstanding member, it is well to bear in mind that its strength is derived from the whole nation and that its differences of opinion reflect conflicting views sincerely held throughout the country. An interesting analysis is made of the differences in approach

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The public have given us many excellent suggestions as to how to sell our books. We thank them and always want more. On one title, however, the problem was different. It wasn't so much a question of selling ST. THOMAS AQUINAS as keeping it in stock. We knew a book by Chesterton on the greatest Catholic philosopher must sell, but customers who ordered it just before Christmas found to their sorrow (and ours) that we had underestimated the Chesterton-Aquinas appeal. We apologize and beg to announce that Chesterton's ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ($2.00), now in its second printing, and beautifully bound in silver and blue, is again in stock.

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of Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes who, notwithstanding such differences, so often arrived at the same result. A similar comparison with Justice Stone and Justice Cardozo could also have been made.

Brandeis's labors have always been distinguished by an insistence upon consideration of all of the pertinent facts and by his painstaking exposition of his views. The new deal undoubtedly owes much to him as Professor Mason suggests. Some of those responsible for certain of its attendant legislation and its administration, however, have not had his large experience in practical affairs and certainly many of them do not emulate his patient persuasiveness. The example of Brandeis points the right way.

Not only the general reader but also the scholar and the lawyer will find this book stimulating and instructive. Its author has performed a valuable service.

LOUIS CONNICK.

Mary Stuart's Martyrdom

End and Beginning, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT IS the end of Queen Mary Stuart's life and the beginning of her eternity with which Mr. Masefield is concerned in this brief play, and he writes of them with poignant nobility. Using but six characters—the Queen of Scots, two serving women, a gentle English noble, a ferocious English officer and the Spirit of Beauty—with a single room in Fotheringay Castle as background, he contrives to give a vivid summary of the feuds and treacheries which led to Mary's nineteen-year imprisonment, and of the forgeries and hatred which brought her to the block.

The story is too close to what Masefield himself calls "life's intenseness" even to be written about dispassionately, and he leaves no doubt at all where his own sympathies lie. He is here to retell the tragedy

> "Of the most gracious, courteous, royal lady
> That ever was betrayed by brutal men,"

and he sees quite clearly that warring religions had even more to do with her tragedy than warring politics. The humiliated but steadfast Mary of this final scene is infinitely greater than the former Queen of Scotland or of France, and the English Laureate makes it quite clear why her execution was in very truth a martyrdom.

One is not at all certain that this is not the most successful play Mr. Masefield has yet achieved. Strong emotion he has never lacked, but here his art has learned restraint and economy in its expression, and it was a happy accident which compelled him to add to the dramatic form the narrative in which he has always excelled. There is lyric loveliness, too, both in the intermezzo spoken by Beauty and in the farewell—the "ecstasy untouched by dust"—of Mary's freed spirit.

Nor is this little poetic drama only, or chiefly, for reading. If our colleges, and the more serious of our church dramatic societies do not promptly add it to their repertoires, they will miss a most distinguished opportunity.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

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Ole Bull and Others

Norwegian Migration to America, 1825-1860, by Theodore Blegen. Northfield, Minnesota: Norwegian-American Historical Society. $3.50.

DR. BLEGEN, superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, has written a thorough, detailed and unusually detached though sympathetic study of the first phase of Norwegian immigration to the United States from the arrival of Cleng Peerson's Sloop Party, in 1825, to the beginning of the American Civil War, when there were probably fifty thousand people of Norwegian blood in this country. Figures are nearly worthless in view of discrepancies between American and Norwegian statistics and the failure of our port officials to differentiate between Nowegians, Swedes and Danes. Quakerism entered Norway after the visit (1818) of William Allen and Stephen Grellet, a French Catholic emigré to America who became a missionary for the Friends. This broke the nominal unanimity of Norwegian acceptance of rigid State-Lutheranism, and many of the early Norwegian arrivals were Quakers or non-conformists who resented ecclesiastical tyranny. Early Norwegians settled near Rochester, New York, where Lars Larsen, a carpenter, played the rôle of counselor to thousands on their westward movement. Later settlements were made near Ottawa, Illinois, in Missouri, in Wisconsin through the exertions of Solomon Juneau, the outstanding Catholic figure in Milwaukee, in Minnesota, and even in Texas. All the colonies were small, for the migration was slight numerically until after the Homestead Act, the conclusion of our Civil War, and the breaking-down of the Northwest frontier.

Early Norwegian immigrants were of the small freeholder and cotter classes, rather than of the laboring class which came later. "American letters," cheap lands, religious toleration, freedom from military service, democratic stirrings in the soul, and hope of material improvement—often gilded hopes—brought the wandering Norsemen to America. As elsewhere, the upper class, the feudal farmers, ecclesiastical authorities, and militarists for obvious and material reasons opposed the movement. This Norwegian background is carefully described from local, contemporary materials. In vain did patriots urge that agricultural reform and harder labor such as exiles would find in America would solve the difficulties of overpopulation, famine, waste lands, and the destructive competition of American lumber and grain. Of individuals few are mentioned; Ole Bull and Knute Nelson alone being national figures. In a second volume, Dr. Blegen will complete the story, and no doubt will evaluate the Norwegian contribution to America without exaggerating their virtues or minimizing their faults. Almost providentially for the Scandinavian, free-lands in the section of the United States climatically most like that of Scandinavia were being opened when the Nordic tide from the North was at its height. Localized in the Northwest, and colonized on the prairies, the Norwegian was not in competition with native labor or under the eye of critical natives, and hence escaped much criticism given other immigrant groups.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

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Briefer Mention

Europe since 1914, by F. Lee Benns. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00.

A NEW edition of Professor Benns's clear and well-organized digest of world events since 1914 ought to be very useful to students, particularly college undergraduates. The book is divided into two sections, the first of which deals with the war and the problems of international organization leading up to it, while the second discusses political and economic events in various countries. Doubtless not every assertion made in so large a book is correct, but the author has tried very hard to be accurate and fair. The present edition has been revised as far into 1933 as was possible. But of course published volumes cannot be absolutely contemporaneous in this swiftly changing world. We are cheerfully endorsing the book to general readers who need a succinct history of recent European happenings.

The Songs of Thomas D'Urfey; edited by Cyrus Lawrence Day. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

PROFESSOR DAY, whose volume of Dryden songs has been appreciatively received, now offers a selection from the lyrics of a poet once appreciated by King Charles II and feted by not a few among the prominent. D'Urfey, who would have made a fortune via radio if he had lived in the 1920's, was the most popular song-writer of his time, and the best composers wrote music to accompany some of his texts. That he was as bad a poet as English literature records cannot alter the fact that he left his mark. Professor Day's book affords an invaluable biographical introduction, which supersedes all that has been written about D'Urfey. There follow some twenty-six songs, with facsimiles of the musical accompaniments. The editing has been done with painstaking care and objectivity.

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